















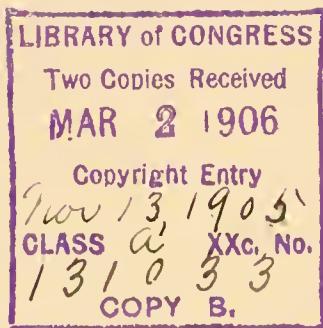


Yours truly B. J. Milam.

THE  
HONEST FARMER  
FROM  
ARKANSAW  
ON A LARK SEEIN'  
THE WEST

— BY —

B. J. MILAM



Entered in the office of the  
Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.  
in the year 1905,  
By BURT J. MILAM.



## PREFACE.

---

In presenting this volume to the public, I have endeavored to chronicle facts as I saw and experienced them as they were transpiring, and which have since become historical data, emblazoned upon the living pages of our country's history. There are thousands who are now citizens of the New Country which was opened to settlement in 1901, and also thousands who were witnesses to the stirring events enacted at that time, who will appreciate my efforts in thus recording a true and untarnished picture of some of the exciting incidents which took place during the opening of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indian reservations, which I have given in the four letters to my wife.

The character sketches and the portrayal of the turbulent element, presenting to the mind both the smooth and rough sides of human nature without enlargement or embellishment of either, I am sure will be appreciated by those who won or lost on the final cast of the die,

and like myself, enjoyed to the fullest extent the novelty of being one of the great multitude who participated in that colossal scheme.

In regard to the Lewis and Clark Exposition trip, I stop bewildered, and ask the reader not to condemn me too hastily; but try to consider the littleness one feels when brought face to face with the magnificent grandeur of the far West, where the Majesty of God in all the gloriousness of his being stands sublimely forth.

On every hand was reflected from the truthful face of nature the omnipresence of a Supreme Being. And as I gazed upon the wonderful beauties that flashed continuously like moving pictures before my vision, I possessed a feeling of silent admiration which held me spellbound, and while I felt the poetry and music of my surroundings, permeating every fibre of my being, language always failed me when attempting a description of that grand vista of lovely, rugged witnesses of God's handi-craft.

B. J. MILAM.

WITH LOVE AND DEVOTION  
TO  
MY DEVOTED WIFE, MOLLIE MILAM.



## I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

To the Great Southwest and West, whose  
loyal, magnanimous, hospitable, and chivalric  
people I know will pardon the many omissions  
and commissions to be found in a volume, com-  
piled by one so very deficient in descriptive lan-  
guage suited to portray to the minds of the  
reader in words of poetical diction, the beau-  
ties of nature and art as they are commingled  
together in harmonious and attractive simili-  
tudes in our Great Western-land.

LETTER NO. 1.

A TRIP FROM DUNCAN TO FORT SILL, I.  
T. TO REGISTER.

FORT SILL, INDIAN TERRITORY, July 18, 1901.

MRS. MOLLIE MILAM,  
LUFKIN, TEXAS.

MY DEAR MOLLIE:—I arrived at Duncan, I. T., yesterday at 1:15 o'clock P. M., having decided that I could register much sooner at Fort Sill, than I could at El Reno, Okla., though I had purchased my ticket through to the latter place, if you remember; but in order to avoid the crush and discomfort to be met with at El Reno, and considering my physical condition, I thought it best to lose my fare for the remaining seventy miles, so upon this decision, which as the future developed, proved to be a wise one, I left the train at Duncan, and immediately sought out means of conveyance to this place.

On the train before reaching Duncan, I had become acquainted with Dr. Butler a very pleasant gentleman, hailing from Missouri; he and I with a red-headed Irishman from Texas

by the name of Sullivan, who was the possessor of a hot, fiery breath, produced by the too frequent potations from a quart bottle of Fort Worth's "forty rod snake pisen," which had a tendency to make life a burden to those coming in immediate contact with this over mellow son of Erin, made up the party who engaged the services of one of the hacks, plying between Duncan and this place, with the owner for driver, a pleasant young man by the name of Albright. After the three of us had dined sumptuously at a first class restaurant, for which the red-headed Hibernian wanted to settle for in toto himself, and which we would not allow, we repaired to a grocery store, where we made a few small purchases for our supper which we were to enjoy out on the beautiful prairies; our driver furnished the coffee, coffee-kettle, jugs of water, and dry kindling for the fire. So at 3:30 o'clock everything being ready, we pulled out for the new Mecca that is now attracting thousands of speculative human beings who are ever restless for anything just so it is a change. On the trip out, we traveled through some of the most beautiful country it has ever

been my pleasure to see. I could not begin to describe to you in this short pen picture the magnificent grandeur of this "The Promised Land." We passed through a broad expanse of high prairie with numerous large creeks winding their way along, bordered with a growth of trees, their emerald green foliage glistening in the sunlight, lend a gorgeous enchantment to the view. The irregular windings of the creeks and continuous draws have the effect of breaking what would otherwise prove to be a monotonous roll of great level prairies. I find that nearly all the watercourses are fed by living springs, consequently the country is blessed with pure running water the year round. At 7:30 o'clock, we halted long enough to straighten out our legs and cook supper. Here I tried my persuasive powers upon Sullivan, our hero from Cork, and finally prevailed upon him to the extent that he agreed to take one small pull at the mouth of the destroying angel he was carrying in his pocket, and then smash its body on the wheel of the hack, and let the contents of its stomach be quenched up by the thirsty earth at his feet; this he did, and after his rid-

dance of the damnable stuff he ate a hearty supper, and partook freely of the black strong coffee; so by the time we were ready to start again he had escaped a possible attack of the delirium tremens, and was showing himself to be quite a nice, gentlemanly and companionable fellow. Just before embarking again for our last run of the trip, we three took a walk over the adjacent prairies, and made our selection of the quarter section of land we shall file on when the drawing is over, and we are declared winners, as we feel perfectly confident that we will be among the lucky ones.

The mantle of darkness had then fallen around us, and the lovely views that we had been enjoying during our early evening's ride, were lost in the gathering gloom; but we were not lifeless by any means, a song occasionally, or a funny story by the M. D. would enliven us, and our red-headed friend from Erin go bragh had always a witticism to spring upon us, and usually at the most unexpected moment. I found him to be an old timer in the Indian country, and was a full fledged "sooner," and has been in every run that has been made in the

last ten or twelve years. I asked him if he should be lucky and win a claim what he would do with it? "Och," said he, "I will be afther selling av it to onct as Oi did afther the ither tow rhuns I waz in, and then jine the gang, and raise a howly row for anither devoide av the in-jun lands, the dommed red crithers should only have one hundred and sixty acres the same as us poor divils, and yez can bet yez loife they are not entoitled to any more, yez hear that don't yez?"

We were going along at a lively rate about 10:30 o'clock when one of the mules hitched to the hack stepped into a little rut, staggered forward, and fell across the pole of the hack. We all received quite a severe shaking up, and but for the quick actions of Doctor Butler we might have had a serious tear up; but no sooner had the mule begun to stumble than the Doctor, with the agility of a cat, was out upon the ground, and by the time the sprawling mule struck the earth broad side, in a final lurch it made, the Doctor had hold of the bridle with both hands, and as the frightened animal got up, it was quieted and held until we had all

safely cleared the entanglements of the hack, and run to the Doctor's assistance. After a hasty examination, we found about eighteen inches of the pole broken off, the driver was then in a peck of trouble, said he had no tools with which he could patch up the broken part. Then the Doctor came to the rescue again with his fund of ready ingenuity, he asked the driver what he could find in the way of tools to work with? He was informed that an old dull hatchet, which was used in splitting kindling wood, was all he had. "Trot her out," said the Doctor, "Build up a fire and we will see what can be done. I think we can fix it up, so it will carry us through allright, with the hatchet and my jackknife." The fire was quickly made, and the piece of broken pole with the metal thimble on the end was thrust into the flames in order to burn out the wood, and expand the iron. While this process was going on, the Doctor and I were busily engaged in trimming down the slivered end of the pole upon which the thimble had to be replaced. Soon everything was ready, and seizing the red hot thimble between two small pieces of plank, which we used in

lieu of tongs, we placed it in position, and with a few well directed blows with the hatchet, wielded by the veritable Doctor, and the quick application of a cold water bath from one of the jugs, to contract the metal, we had it securely fastened; far more secure than we imagined, for three weeks after this occurrence, I met the driver of the same outfit in Duncan, and asked him how much it cost him to have his broken hack pole repaired, supposing of course that he had been to the shop with it; but imagine my surprise, when he in a seemingly injured air informed me that it hadn't cost him anything, as it was not necessary to carry it to the shop, that he had been making two trips a week ever since it was broken and it was still as good as new. "Say, Mr.! don't you know that fellow, from Missouri called himself a doctor, and that may be what they call him back there; but out in Kansas where I come from we called 'em blacksmiths and durn good uns at that; if he is a sure enough doctor and is as good at doctoring as he is at blacksmithing, he needn't come all the way out here to draw a piece of land in order to make a living on. I should think he

could find a living hanging out for him in old Missouri." Everything being ready for hitching up and renewing our journey, that had been so unceremoniously interrupted, the mules were led around, and in order to make himself useful as well as posing for a sunset ornament, our wild Irishman made a dive for the hack pole to lift it up for receiving the breast yoke, forgetting all about its being hot, he grabbed hold of the thimble and Oh! My! the effluvium of his breath was lost in the imaginary sulphuric odor, emanating from the forcible language that was floating out upon the night's chilly atmosphere. "Howly murtherin Saint Patritchk! may the divil fly away wid yez; Och, and whoi didn't yez tell me it wer the divil's own tongue I would be afther teking howld av?" These are only a few of the milder expletives used during the antics he cut while his hands were cooling down to a degree of comfort, to where he could control his much enraged feelings. In a few minutes we were off. Our delay incident to the break-down made us late in our arrival here. It was just 12:15 o'clock A. M. when we drove up in

front of an immense lodging tent, where I secured a cot for the remainder of the night.

After several hours of sweet sleep, I was aroused by the tramping and mutterings of the thousands of people that were early astir in the "Tent city" getting their breakfasts, and making arrangements for joining the registering companies that were being formed, and in order to have this trying ordeal over with as soon as possible, I was quickly out, and in a short time had almost lost my identity in the mass of struggling humanity I found upon the streets. After I had my breakfast, I joined company 197, and by 10:30 o'clock had registered, whereas if I had gone to El Reno I might have been obliged to stand in line several days before registering.

I find Fort Sill, instead of being almost dormant of animation, and showing that tired and sleepy appearance so characteristic of old Army Posts, now presents quite an animated and bustling appearance, with the thousands of home seekers camping around the outskirts of the soldiers' quarters and along the banks of beautiful Cache (cash) creek near by. The hun-

CERTIFICATE.

---

LAWTON LAND DISTRICT,

OFFICE AT LAWTON, OKLAHOMA.

---

This is to certify That

*Burt J. Mulam*

has shown himself to be duly qualified and has registered as an applicant to make homestead entry from the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache ceded lands within the Lawton land district and is authorized to enter upon and examine the unallotted and unreserved portion of said ceded lands lying south of the first standard parallel, north, at any time prior to August 6, 1901, for the sole purpose of aiding him in making selection and entry of said lands, but not for the purpose of effecting a settlement thereon prior to entry.

This Certificate is not transferable, but must be presented with the application for entry, and any attempt to transfer the same will forfeit all benefits secured by reason of said registration.

Countersigned at *Fort Sill*, July 18, 1901.

By *John Estes*

The Honest Farmer's Certificate of Registration.



dreds of prairie schooners with their white canvas coverings, the jam of buggies, hacks, surreys, jumpcarts, and in fact every vehicle that will hang together, and stand the trip from the nearest railroad station, and bear their burden of bringing to this place the gathering throng that is ever drifting this way; the white winged tents glistening in the sunlight, the white limestone buildings of the fort, and the beautiful stone mansion of the commanding officer (Major Scott, at present), perched as it is upon the highest point of the hill upon which Fort Sill is built, with its lovely grounds falling gently away until lost in the prairies below, all this intermingling of varied scenes presented to the eyes of one who can appreciate the surroundings, causes him to draw in his mind a picture that is both lovely and enchanting. All one can hear now is—"Have you registered?" And of course everybody is engaged in booming the new town site, Lawton, which will be the county seat of this new county of Comanche. I joined a new town site company early this morning by donating to one of the ostensible promoters the munificent sum of twenty-five

cents as a membership fee, and upon the payment, I became a full fledged member; it did not cost me much to join and it will never cost me any more. I don't mind this little "pull of the leg," I really consider it a good investment if that is all it requires to keep me in good standing with these people, who seem to be the leaders of the heavy weight lodging establishments that have temporarily located here. The prediction of "Sooners" of other runs in Oklahoma, is that in one hour after the town site of Lawton is declared open, on the 6th of August, it will have a population of five thousand people. On the 6th, the lots of the town site will be put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder; it is predicted by the knowing ones that in two hours after the sale of the lots begins, there will be found inside the city limits, all kinds of enterprises in first class running shape, even to the publishing of a daily newspaper, the Lawton Democrat. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. L. T. Russell, the future editor, late of Ryan, I. T., and who still, I believe, runs a weekly paper at that place.

I am making arrangements to drive over to

the Lawson site some time today and will write you tomorrow. I am very tired today, however the condition of my health is improving rapidly.

I am living cheaply enough so far as the prices are concerned; but there is not much to eat in this low cost of living, but I am falling into line all right, and am surprised at the low prices I find prevailing on everything that is offered for sale. In fact, I think the people here should get better prices, for the hardships incident to living and laboring under the disadvantages should be considered in making and governing all prices; but such is not the case and I find, on the contrary, the people who are trying to furnish accommodations for the comers and goers are poorly paid indeed. While I may have to undergo some hardships while out in this country, I feel sure that my health will be greatly benefited, therefore I will have no complaint to make.

Write me at this place unless I notify you otherwise.

Devotedly,

B. J. Milam.

## LETTER NO. 2.

A Trip From Fort Sill, I. T. Back to Duncan,  
I. T.

DUNCAN, INDIAN TERRITORY, July 21, 1901.

MRS. MOLLIE MILAM,  
LUFKIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MOLLIE:—My reason for writing you a postal card on the 19th inst., was that I had only just arrived in Duncan from Fort Sill late in the afternoon, and learned upon inquiry that I could get mail off on the delayed south bound Rock Island Mail train, which would carry the letter from Ft. Sill in which I had instructed you to address me at that place.

I had a nice ride back to Duncan behind Mr. Thompson's spanking span of large Missouri mares. Mr. Thompson came from Missouri to Duncan ten months ago, intending to join the "sooner" gang, and gobble a slice of Uncle Sam's domain (?), when the long expected run should take place; but now,—poor fellow! he has to take his chance in the "Big Wheel" along with us "poor devils." "Of all sad words," Mr.

Thompson, "of tongue or pen, the saddest are these; it might have been,"—A. Rush.

Instead of coming back the main Duncan and Ft. Sill road, at "Red Store" two miles south from Fort Sill, we took a new road that bears south five to eight miles farther down into the free lands of the Lawton district. From where we crossed Cache creek to Big Beaver crossing, a distance of about eighteen miles, is a beautiful prairie country. I don't think it can be surpassed for unblemished beauty anywhere in the United States, and I think it is very fertile, as the native mesquite and blue stem grasses grow from knee to waist high all over it. No one, in his most vivid dreams of imagination, who has never seen this country, can picture in his mind with any degree of correctness, the beauties here presented to the delighted vision of the passing traveler as he rolls along lazily in his prairie schooner, protected from the heat of the sun's rays by the friendly sail of his dry-land vessel, or as he bowls merrily over the prairie in a livery rig.

He sees the primitive beauties of this undeveloped land, which until very recently, has

been the paradise of the noble red man and his closely allied friends the cattle men and that useful, and very necessary adjunct to the last party mentioned, the cowboy. As I watched the intrepid cowboys, in their daring recklessness and seeming negligence of their own lives and limbs, astride of a bucking broncho of ten dollars value, seated in a full rigged saddle that cost forty or fifty dollars, dash over the treacherous prairies in pursuit of the great herds of cattle that are now being rounded up to be driven or shipped to other places of pasture, (as all the cattle that are in this country now must be gotten out by August the 6th, the date of opening.) To my mind is recalled a verse from a poem by Rev. Abe Bulkney, which he recited in Lufkin several years ago. You remember it I know.

“Last night as I lay on the prairie,  
Looking up at the stars in the sky,  
I wondered if ever a cowboy  
Would drift to that sweet bye-and-bye.  
Oh ! they say there will be a grand round up,  
When Cowboys like cattle will stand  
To be cut by the riders of judgment,  
Who are posted and know every brand.”

I said that I had a nice ride coming back,

but I will have to modify that statement to some extent. Thousands of vehicles of all kinds have been traveling the main Duncan and Fort Sill road for several weeks, passing to and fro between these places, consequently the dust, owing to the drouth of four months duration and the constant travel, is now from three to eight inches deep. We got along all right on our route until the road came back into the main road ten miles from Duncan, where in a few minutes afterward, there came up a severe wind and thunder storm,—no rain. And dust! Oh! My! It almost choked our team; we could hardly get them along, and as for ourselves, I could not begin to explain so you could fully comprehend the real condition we were in; however, we certainly were not in a condition to "cuss" as we were too full (of dust) for utterance. Under these conditions we were forced to travel until within about one mile of Duncan the wind subsided, and as we drove into town, in our imaginations we could not help but think that the good people upon seeing us could hardly refrain from comparing us, and aptly so, to the first creation of man, when God made Adam of

dust and thereupon breathed the breath of life into him; so also we were abundantly able to testify by lip and personal appearances that the breath of life had only just been breathed into our bodies (that is upon the subsidence of the storm.) Aren't we of the "Earth and of the earth earthy?" So we are surely made of dust and, as could be seen, quite a large portion of it was of recent formation. I believe I could have written you more intelligently about my trip back if my brain had not become so befogged with the accursed terror.

I have secured a pleasant boarding place, and have a nice cool room, clean bed, and above all, pure, cool cistern water to drink, and the price per week for my accommodations is very moderate. I think I shall try to get back to Fort Sill by next Saturday. I want to be there by that time in order to witness the sight of the "Tent City" moving off the Government Military Reserve. You know the registering ceases on the 26th of this month, and I heard as I sat in a lodging tent in Fort Sill writing you on the 18th inst. the soldiers proclaiming throughout the town to the people there assembled, that all persons

found upon the Reserve after the 26th would be forcibly ejected. It is predicted the people will then immediately move upon the edge of the town site of Lawton, which is five miles south of Fort Sill. They dare not go inside the bounds as the town site reserve will be strongly picketed with Federal troops until the 6th of August. In fact, according to the proclamation of the President, no citizen of the United States except those registering has any right, whatever, inside the boundaries of the entire new country until after the date of the opening; however the general belief is: that none of these people will be molested.

After witnessing the removal of the canvas suburb of Fort Sill, I expect to return to Duncan, and remain until about the 3rd of August, when I will go over to Lawton, and remain until the drawing is over. I would not miss being in Lawton the day of the opening for anything in the world. I think it is going to be a sight I shall remember distinctly as long as I live. The nearer the time approaches for the great event to come off, the more excited everybody becomes. Of course the center of the great boil-

ing caldron of excitement is now located at El Reno; but the center of attraction will soon be changed, on the 29th Lawton will be the enchanted spot of the mind's imagination.

I am truly glad I did not go to El Reno, as I understand there is a very boisterous crowd there, and the extreme heat and scarcity of water make it very hard upon the people who go there to register; while here at Duncan, which is located in the midst of the great prairies, there is always a delightful breeze blowing, and the nights so cool that in order to be comfortable I have to sleep under two covers. And again, it is just the size town I like, not only to be in for a short stay; but it is my ideal of a town to live in. It has a population of about three thousand among the best and most hospitable people it has ever been my pleasure to meet; it is built up nearly altogether of the old Southern type of citizens. I find no negroes here, while there is no law against negroes living in the town, there is an under current of feeling among the people that is strong enough to show from surface indications that

the colored man is not wanted, and consequently he is not here.

The business part of the town is built of red sandstone, which is obtained from a large quarry about four miles from town, and I can truthfully say that this is the most beautiful building stone I have ever seen. Instead of fading and becoming a light, pale hue from exposure to the weather, the longer it is exposed the redder it becomes, until finally after years of exposure it becomes a beautiful blood red color. Among the public institutions noted, I find three churches represented: Methodist, Christian and Baptist. A splendid school building and a well established school. Duncan is known as the Queen City of the Territory, to which appellation I think she is justly entitled. The absence of saloons is more noticeable here to one coming from the States than most any other point of interest about the town.

I find it is against the Federal laws to sell or offer for sale any intoxicating liquors or drinks in the Indian Territory or to even bring it within the borders. But I heard a gentleman saying last night (and he seemed to know

whereof he spoke) that there are already one hundred and fifty applications for saloon license in the town of Lawton, and the saloon men would be selling whiskey in the new town in less than twenty-four hours after the opening. What do you think of that? Another gentleman made the statement that there would be ten thousand people in Lawton in three days after it was opened. I think this last statement overdrawn.

Mollie, there are two, one hundred and sixty acre blocks of land lying next to the town site of Lawton, which are estimated to be worth forty thousand dollars each the minute the lucky persons draw them; they are Nos. 1 and 2, while there are several 1-4 sections that will be worth from two thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars each.

About the 1st of August when I go to Fort Sill and call for my mail, if the postmaster should hand me out a notification card showing that I had drawn No. 1, the capital prize worth a cool forty thousand, you know I would almost die of strangulation of the heart. Say; a dust storm wouldn't be "in it" a little bit, do you

think? We can only wish for a consummation of these fond hopes, and enjoy the possible realization of them until our fate is decided by the turn of the great wheel.

Well, I will write you again on my trip to Lawton.

Devotedly,

B. J. Milam.

## LETTER No. 3.

---

Five Days Trip Hunting and Fishing In The  
Comanche Country.

---

DUNCAN, INDIAN TERRITORY, July 31, 1901.

MRS. MOLLIE MILAM,  
LUFKIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MOLLIE:—After my arrival in Duncan Friday the 19th inst., my whole thought was centered on the consummation of one desire, and that was to get up a crowd and make a tour of the Comanche country. I realized the fact that I should have a much needed rest after my tiresome trip to Fort Sill, consequently I did nothing in the matter until the Monday following, when I met and became acquainted with Mr. Walter Davenport, Clerk in the Cheek Lumber Yard. While talking with him in regard to the trip, his father came up and joined in the conversation. “Why!” he said, “I have a pair of good horses and my neighbor Mr. Hazlewood has a wagon and I am satisfied he will go, so get up two or three others, and furnish the feed for the horses and grub for the crowd,

and Mr. Hazlewood will do the cooking; I will carry the bedding for all, and the trip won't cost you much, and we will all have a jolly good time." Now you know I didn't "do a thing" but jump at that proposition, and readily agreed; but as a "chuck" box had to be made in which to carry our supplies, and a little harness had to be mended, the arrangement was made for me to get my men together, and be ready bright and early Wednesday morning; as I had prior to that time met a young gentleman Mr. Messer and an old gentleman named McElvy and liked them very much, I soon hunted them up and laid the proposition before them, to which they at once agreed.

So Tuesday evening, we three went to the grocery store of Mr. Williams and purchased our supplies for the trip, and after we figured the sum total up, it amounted to only two dollars and forty-five cents each, for the five days' trip.

Now, I will give you a sketch of the trip from the time we left Duncan until our return. On Wednesday morning July 24th, we all met at the Cheek Lumber Yard where Messrs. Hazlewood and Davenport had made a nice, conve-

nient "chuck" box; we fitted it in between the side boards of the rear end of the wagon. From there we went to the store, loaded in the "chuck," and were just about ready to start when a young man, driving a gray pony to a light road-wagon, drove up, and wanted to be included in our party; as Mr. Davenport and Mr. Hazlewood were ready to vouch for him socially and morally, we all agreed for him to join us, so with this last addition we set our faces toward the west for the purpose of spending five days in the "Promised Land" or Comanche Country, investigating soil, grasses, water courses, and general prospective resources of that country.

I think it appropriate at this point to give you a little sketch of the personnel of our party. As Mr. Davenport was the old patriarch of the crowd, I will begin with him. Uncle Seborn Ludwell Davenport was born in Clarke County, Ga., in 1829, and is now hale and hearty, bearing his 71 years with the easy grace of a Roman, and as he has sailed over the seas of these beautiful prairie lands for twenty years or more, he assumed the place of Captain over the destinies

of our full rigged prairie schooner upon her voyage. Mr. John Wesley Hazlewood is a native Kentuckian, in which State he was born forty-eight years ago, went to Texas in 1871; but for the past ten years has been living in or near Duncan, I. T., and he is not, as his name would imply, a Methodist, but a full-fledged deep water Campbellite. Mr. John McElvy was born in Alabama in 1844, and when he was one year old his father moved to Angelina County, Texas, where he located Homer, the old County Site, some time between 1845, and 1850. Mr. McElvy went through the Confederate War, served in the 8th Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Hilkamp Adjutant. His present home is in Rosenberg, Fort Bend County, Texas. Mr. Frank Messer was born in the old Tar Heel State, North Carolina, Haywood County, in 1868; went out to Fannin County, Texas, last February, and came out to the opening of the Comanche Country two weeks ago. Mr. Frank Carmeyer, owner of the gray pony and road wagon, was born in Indiana some thirty-five years ago, landed in the Chickasaw Nation about ten years ago, and has been foreman of Colbert's

cattle and pony ranch for the past five years, "Buster" Key, our "Mascot" of the outfit, aged nine years and related to Mr. Hazlewood, and the Colonel (that's me) filled out the list of our merry party. Uncle Seborn Davenport put the handle to my name before he had known me ten minutes; but not through any disrespect in the least, and in a very short time I was known as the "Colonel" to the whole party, and tried to bear the honored title with credit to those who bestowed it.

So unfurling the sails and tightening up the stays here and there of our weatherbeaten prairie schooner, we were off for the Comanche Country, and were soon making our way through the Indian pasture lands two and one-half miles from town. This pasture is seven miles long and five miles wide, and lying as it does, so near Duncan, I can't help but think it will be quite an injury to the trade that might otherwise come to Duncan from the new territory now opening for settlement, and to make matters still worse, adjoining this large pasture on the north is the Government Wood Reserve,

consisting of twenty-eight thousand acres, quite a draw-back to Duncan—Don't you think?

After passing through the big pasture, we crossed the head of Plum Creek 5 miles from town, turned a little south of west, and traveled through high rolling prairies interspersed with timber; the ground was covered with blue stem and mesquite grasses. We stopped for dinner on Little Beaver at 1:30 o'clock, that is, on the banks of a small deep lake, or bayou that is made by the back waters of Little Beaver, and staked the horses out on the grass, which grows luxuriantly along the creek. Mr. Hazlewood took charge of the culinary department as chief, Uncle Seborn, assistant. Mr. Carmeyer left his wagon a few minutes before we arrived at the lake and soon rejoined us with a nice supply of squirrels for dinner, and only a mile or so back, Mr. Hazlewood had shot some plover, and after the wagon had stopped, Buster, our "Mascot," gathered his hook and line and with a grasshopper for bait (of which the prairie grass was literally full) soon had a nice fish landed, so our first dinner out proved to be a feast far beyond our most sanguine anticipations.

We left there at 3 o'clock P. M., and traveled through some very rich bottom land for several miles to the confluence of Little Beaver and Big Beaver; as it was then getting late, and we had to select some place for our night's camp, we pulled back upon the prairie overlooking the valley of the two Beavers below, and there we found springs dripping out of the granite rocks over-capping the bluffs. So we christened the springs, "Dripping Springs," as the water fell from the crevices of the massive rocks drop by drop, pure and sweet, as if the foot of Nature was set firm upon the breast of Mother Earth, and was sending forth the life-saving nectar for the benefit of man, God's chosen handiwork.

Just as we got our camp located in good shape, something was said about the sun-set, and turning my eyes to the west I beheld a scene that was indeed beautiful. Oh, how glorious and grand the great orb of day appeared, sinking to rest in the golden halo beyond the far stretches of the rolling prairies and the historic Mounts Scott and Sheridan in the far distant Wichita Mountains! After the horses were properly staked out, we all took a short

walk over the adjoining prairies, and with one accord joined in expressing our admiration of the country.

After returning to camp, Mr. Hazlewood again took charge of the kitchen, and soon served a supper that was fit for the gods. Supper over, the time was spent until 9 o'clock spinning yarns. There were quite a number told that were hugely enjoyed; but the palm was finally yielded to Uncle Seborn Davenport, when he got off the following on himself. He said, "My boys (I think there are nine grown sons) and myself were out hunting some wild hogs, several years since, that had been giving me some trouble by breaking through my fence and damaging my crops. The dogs had chased the bunch into Wild Horse Creek bottom, and were crowding them pretty close when all at once the whole 'darned' bunch faced about with their bristles raised like porcupines, showed fight, and as wild hogs are very dangerous when brought to bay, the word was hastily passed around for every fellow to look out for number one. So I made a break for a tall slim pecan tree and, as I thought, climbed to the topmost

branch and hallooed as loud as I could yell, 'boys, get a tree, I am all right!' Then I heard the voice of one of the boys from the top of a tall pecan tree close by say, 'yes dad, I see you are all right. Just stay where you are, I don't think anything but a cyclone could move you,' and dod rat my time, Colonel, would you believe it, I was settin' right down flat on the ground with my legs stretched out on each side of a little slim pecan about six inches through, and my arms clasped around the body of it as high up as I could reach. The tree was so small that when I made an effort to clinch it in order to climb to a place of security, I would slip to the ground and was that bad skeered, I thought I was shore settin' in the top of the blamed thing, and if the dogs hadn't got the hogs on the run again, I would have been in the middle of a bad fix."

After Uncle Seborn's yarn, we all sought our couches for the night's repose. The Colonel and Uncle Seborn had the honor of occupying the only cots in the camp, while the others of the party sought a soft place on the prairie where the grass grew the tallest, and where they could

more easily find the sweet charms of Morpheus, as they rested upon the lap of Mother Earth covered by the free open canopy of Heaven. It was indeed a beautiful night, with myriads of twinkling little stars peeping out from the blue firmament above, and the silvery river of heaven traversing the boundless realm of space. I had to linger and feast my soul upon the beauties of Nature's handicraft, displayed before my enraptured vision, before finally yielding to the sweet restful charms of sleep.

Early the next morning, we were awakened by the howling of wolves in the distant bottoms, and coyotes out on the prairies quite a distance away. They are terrible cowards, but all the same, they had a very depressing effect upon our comrade Frank Messer—he was not afraid Oh! No! he said their howling just grated upon his nervous system to such an extent he could hardly bear it.

We were all soon astir and making preparations for our breakfast, with Mr. Hazlewood at the helm. Those duties were soon over, tents folded, and we were off at 7 o'clock for the verdant banks of Cache creek, the largest water

course in all the new country, distance about 17 miles. From there we went a south course down the creek, several miles through a second table land, very rich soil, dotted with bunches of timber here and there, then we had to return to our camping place of the night before as we had failed to find a ford. We crossed Big Beaver at 10 o'clock, entered a beautiful landscape of high rolling prairie, sandy nature, growth of grass good, and arrived on the banks of the picturesque Cache Creek, at 12:30 o'clock, an ideal place for stopping, unloaded camp outfit, and struck camp for the next two days. Our surroundings were indeed beautiful, the bottom is almost one mile wide, rising gently to the high bluffs of the prairie in the background.

As I was going with Uncle Seborn to stake out the horses so that they could feed at Nature's bounteous board to their full satisfaction, I perforce made a discovery of a very peculiar, and to me a new species of grass as I had never seen anything like it before, and I found that all the other members of the party were equally as much in the dark in regard to it as I was.

As we started out to perform the duty to which I referred I caught my foot in something I supposed to be a vine of some kind, and I at once kissed Mother Earth full in the face, I took not the name of the Lord in vain; but laughed over my first misfortune, but after the third terrific contact with the ground, I asked Uncle Seborn why he persisted in tangling me up in his stake rope? he at once answered by making charges of the same tenor against me; it seemed that he had troubles of his own, and had sustained several falls also, and was trying to locate the cause of his dilemma. We at once got together and made a search for our common enemy, and found it to be a long running grass of a very coarse nature; we succeeded in pulling from among the matted mass of prairie grasses, usually found in the creek bottoms, a full length spine of the grass, and found it to be by actual measurement twenty feet in length; the joints were about ten inches apart, and at every joint there would shoot up a bunch of long slender blades; the grass did not seem to cling to the earth as the bermuda and other like grasses do, but was held up from the ground and supported

by other grasses, about midway between their roots and tops, thereby setting a sure deadfall for the unsuspecting pedestrian.

Near where we camped were several clear water lakes, covered with jonquils, which were in full bloom and very beautiful, resembling greatly the Yellow Calla. As soon as we got cleverly settled, Buster, our "Mascot," gathered up his fishing tackle and made a raid on the grasshoppers, and in a very short time had enough fish for dinner, caught from the limpid waters of the Cache near by. While he was fishing, he discovered a very large green bull frog, and with a shot from our gun we silenced his sonorous voice forever. Cache Creek is noted for its immense frogs which would make a Frenchman's heart beat with the liveliest anticipations of the good eating to follow the capture of one of the green monsters.

After dinner, Mr. Frank Carmeyer took his gun and went out in quest of squirrels. He came in at 3 o'clock with five large fox squirrels, and immediately started out again saying, "The woods are just teeming with them." From 3 o'clock until sundown, the balance of

the crowd was engaged in seining, as we had carried a one hundred foot seine with us, we caught an ample supply for our supper and breakfast. Frank came in loaded with squirrels again, and Oh, such eating! A "Weary Willie" would have thought he had lost the art if he could have caught sight of our hungry crowd, as we were gathered around the camp fires, devouring in ravenous fashion the good things before us. After supper Mr. McElvy indulged in an Indian war dance, he said, to settle his supper, and for the general edification of those present, before retiring for the night. We all enjoyed a good night's rest and were astir by early daylight.

Friday morning, Uncle Seborn Davenport was in a stew about his horses; they had pulled up the stake pins to which they were fastened, sometime during the night, and were gone, and had undoubtedly hit the trail back to Duncan, 35 miles away. There was a drizzling rain falling with appearances of getting harder, Uncle Seborn, mounted on Frank Carmeyer's little gray, with a quilt folded and strapped over the horse's back for a saddle, immediately after

breakfast, struck out after his missing horses. Mr. Hazlewood and Mr. Carmeyer took their guns and went after the squirrels again while Buster, our "Mascot," and the "Colonel," with their fishing tackle made for the creek, Mr. Messer and Mr. McElvy keeping house. At noon Mr. Hazlewood and Mr. Carmeyer returned with their complement of game. At 4 o'clock Uncle Seborn came in without his horses, utterly exhausted; he had been in the rain all morning, riding over a large portion of Burnett's big pasture, which is six or seven miles wide and thirty-five miles long. We were camped on the western edge of the pasture. Mr. Hazlewood then got astride the gray pony, and struck a bee line to the gate on the east side of the pasture six miles away, where we entered the morning before. Mr. Frank Carmeyer and Mr. Messer struck out in another direction afoot. They left camp at 4:30 o'clock with blood in their eyes, determined to get the horses or perish in the attempt. Mr. Hazlewood returned at 7 o'clock with the horses, having found them seven miles away, hung up in the pasture fence which was wire. It

was still raining some and the night was dark. We lighted our Bull's Eye lantern, and hung it out on the top of a tall pecan tree at the edge of the woods, so the boys out afoot could see its friendly light from afar off on the prairies, and be guided thereby back to camp. About 9 o'clock they came plodding in, footsore and weary, and also as wet as drowned rats in a sink hole, having tramped about fifteen miles. Mr. Messer, the "tenderfoot," was about ready to yield up the ghost. We all certainly complimented him upon his endurance.

Our crowd was augmented about dark by the arrival of another prairie schooner, loaded down to the gunwale with passengers who had been out several days, looking for the land corners, which are the Blarney-stones of all home-seekers. They seem to think their future depends upon their finding and locating the corner stone, when perhaps not one out of every hundred who are thus spending their time, will be lucky enough to draw a claim; but it is that chance of winning that keeps them enthused, and shows plainly the propensity of the people of this great country to gamble.

About 10 o'clock, the air became cool, the clouds drifted away, and the stars peeped out, and again the combined party gathered around the campfire, and indulged in spinning yarns until after 11 o'clock. Uncle Seborn still held the leather medal presented to him the first night out, as being champion storyteller of the crowd. On arising the next morning, we discovered that the prairie schooner which anchored near us the night before had broken her cable and drifted away.

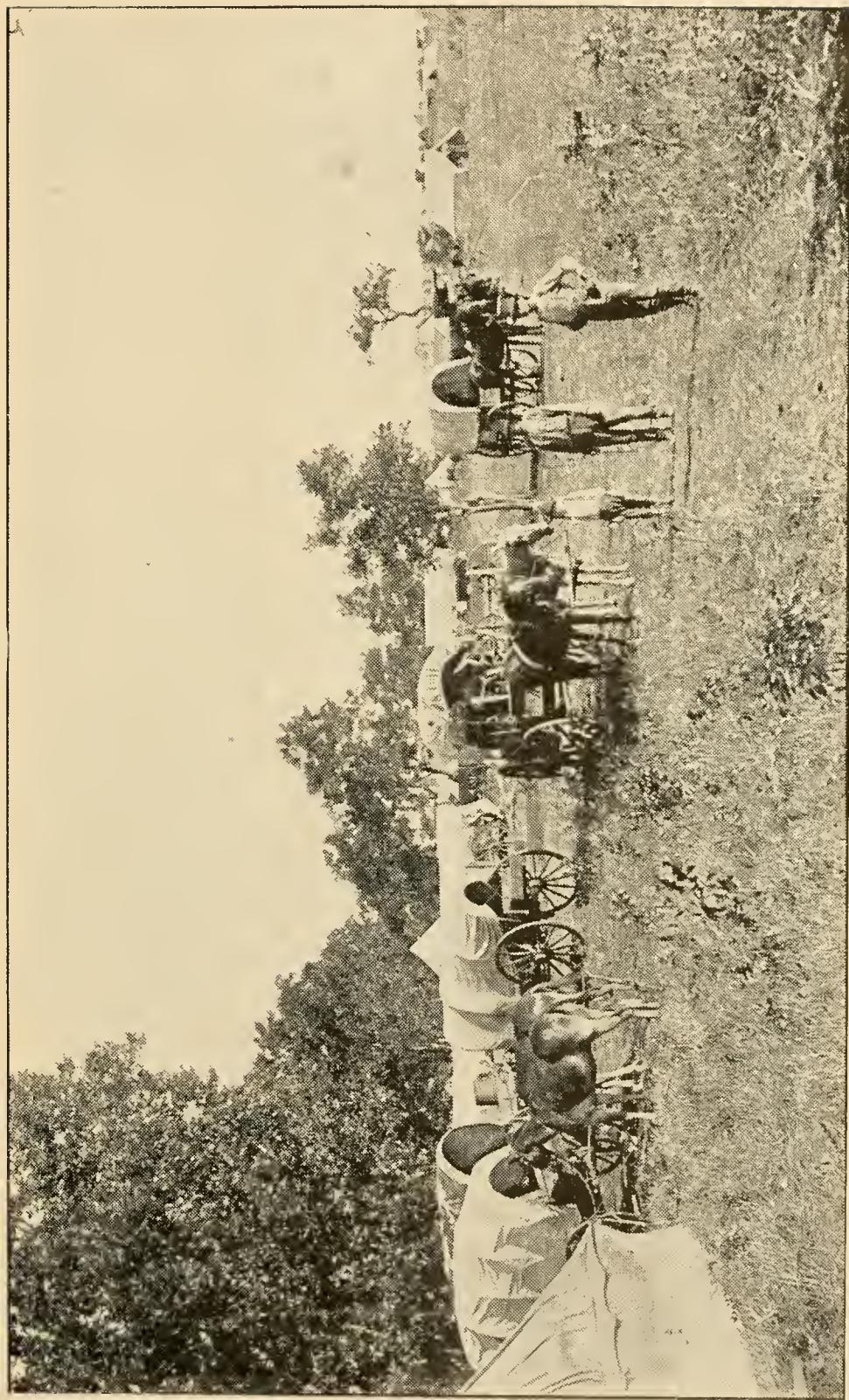
Not long after their departure, just as Old Sol was showing his shining face over the eastern horizon, we discovered coming across the prairie, two lean, bony looking ponies, bearing upon their backs a long, lank man wearing a broad brimmed, flap-down straw hat, and two little boys, the latter aged about 8 and 10 years respectively; the man riding the clay-bank pony with flaxen mane and tail, and going in a swinging gait, looked in the distance like an old plantation negress cutting ginger bread for the pickaninnies, and the two boys were riding the little bay in a jogging trot, both little fellows occupying seats in the same saddle without any

apparent inconvenience. To their saddles was fastened their camping and cooking outfit, or kit, as it is commonly called out here. The outfit consisted of a long handled frying-pan, a rasher of bacon, and a little flour, and after they had drawn quite near, we could also see attached to the saddle the man was riding, what proved to be on closer inspection, some old dirty ragged looking quilts, which they used for sleeping purposes and protection from inclement weather. The trio rode up and the man gave his name as Sabin, and made the statement that he had spent about seven or eight weeks in riding up and down, and around the whole of the Comanche, Kiowa, and Apache country; with no one but the little boys for company, making their home or camp wherever night overtook them, sleeping under the protecting branches of some friendly cotton-wood or sturdy old burr-oak, fishing from the waters of the numerous creeks, of which sport the little boys seemed to be particularly fond. The little fellows seemed to be in excellent health, and said they were enjoying their nomadic life. From the conversation I had with Mr. Sabin, I

inferred that he is from everywhere but here, and as soon as the opening is over, he will be from here also. I sized him up to be a typical “sooner” of the old-school type. The only use he has for the one hundred and sixty acres of land is to sell it for a few dollars as soon as he has made his filing, and then clamor for another division of the Indian lands.

Messrs. Hazlewood and Carmeyer were off to the woods again, and came in about 11 o'clock loaded down with squirrels. That being Mr. McElvy's birthday, we all took special pains with our dinner, and had everything done to a turn, and the old gentleman ate with the avidity of one who could fully appreciate the efforts of those who had his entertainment uppermost in their minds; and he will, indeed, be fortunate if he can continue through life with the bounties of God bestowed upon him, as they were upon his 57th birthday.

At 3:30 o'clock we pulled up stakes, and moved up Cache two miles to Horse Shoe Bend, and struck camp near the edge of the bottom where the timber lands and valley prairie come together. We were very close to the banks of



A Typical Scene Along Cache Creek Near Fort Sill During the Registering.



the creek, which are very precipitous and from 25 to 30 feet above the water at its present low stage; the bottom there is entirely above high waters, and the soil is black as midnight, and six or seven feet deep, covered with timber of the following kinds, which I believe predominate in all the bottom lands: Cotton-wood, burr oak, elm, and hackberry with some walnut and pecan.

After establishing our camps, all of our crowd with our new-found friend, the "sooner," took the seine, and made a break for the blue waters of the creek; the boys plunged in, and began to make a haul, while Uncle Seborn and the Colonel followed along the steep banks, giving advice and bossing generally, with Mr. McElvy, Buster, our "Mascot," and the "sooner's" boys along to carry the fish. We soon had about one hundred and fifty pounds of the finny tribe in the toils of the seine, consisting of buffalo, drum, and perch. As we then had enough from which to make our selection, we made our way back to camp where supper was shortly served in grand style, the "sooner" proved to be a jewel in disguise, as he was an

expert in seining, and the waters were never too deep for him to "tackle." We could hardly have gotten along without his services, and after our evening's repast, we were entertained by his recounting his experiences in the wild and woolly West; and I can say his experiences have been quite startling and varied, as he has been a "sooner" in nearly every State and "boom" town west of the Mississippi.

About 11:30 o'clock, we all tumbled in for the night, but as we had partaken very freely of the strong black coffee served for supper, and the night was so beautiful and the breeze was so delightful, I think it must have been 2 o'clock before we were sleeping soundly. On the following morning, which was Sunday, we were all astir bright and early. Our breakfast was the last meal we had together on the verdant banks of dear old Cache. We made our start for Duncan at 8 o'clock via Elm Springs, one of the many fake projected town sites of this new country, which is fifteen miles south of Lawton. Just as we were on the eve of leaving, Uncle Seborn mentioned something about a horrible dream he had during the night just past, and

upon the fervent entreaty of our unsophisticated friend, Mr. Messer, he proceeded to relate to us the details of a most frightful battle he waged with a monster wampus.

We arrived at Elm Springs at 9 o'clock. The springs, about fifteen in number, bubbling up from the foot of the craggy, jagged, rocks that crop out sheer and precipitous from the high prairie, or table land, are at the head of a draw about two miles from Cache creek.

Leaving Elm Springs, we made a five miles drive to Big Beaver, across beautiful undulating prairies with thousands of thorough-bred, sleek fat cattle grazing lazily over them. We arrived on the banks of Big Beaver at 10:30 o'clock, crossed the creek back of a Comanche Indian's farm, which was wired in, effectually cutting us off as we thought from the open country beyond. While we were debating as to the direction to take to get out of our dilemma, we caught sight of a Comanche and his squaw in a two-horse wagon coming towards us in a break-neck gait, we waited for them until they came through the field to where we were. The old "Buck" would not talk, but he soon made us un-

derstand by signs that he did not want his wire fence cut. We were not intending to cut the wire to get through; but he seemed to think so, and was very much excited over the matter until we finally made him understand that we would do nothing wrong. He then by making other signs directed us around his farm, and bidding him and his pretty squaw good-bye, we were soon out on the beautiful prairie lying between Big and Little Beavers.

We passed through the best belt of prairie I have seen in the new country, soil a red chocolate color, grass knee high, and of best quality. However, the lands to which I refer, are all allotted to the Indians, so it is useless for the pale face to linger over the beauties of that particular section.

We crossed Little Beaver at 12:30 o'clock, made our last stop before our final run for Duncan; we stopped there one hour and ate up the very last scrap of our supplies, and had to fall back on the kind hospitality of the captain of a prairie schooner which was anchored near by, for twenty-five cents worth of flour to make our bread for dinner.

After a hearty repast, Frank Carmeyer and I climbed into his light road wagon, leaving the other boys in with Uncle Seborn, and started on our last drive together, for that trip at least. I could not help a feeling of sadness stealing over me, thinking how soon we all should be parted, some of us to never see each other again; but I consoled myself by thinking that in the future, during our retrospective moments, we could find the happy associations of the trip standing boldly forth on the pages of our lives to remind us of the pleasant time spent together in the Comanche country before the developing hand of the white man had reached forth to destroy the beautiful works of nature. We had a pleasant trip to Duncan, bowling along over the prairies, which were dotted here and there with herds of cattle, grazing upon the bounteous growth of mesquite and blue stem grasses, that have so stoutly withstood the withering blast of the terrible drouth that has so damaged the whole South-west.

Before closing this letter, I must tell you of a funny little incident that occurred this morning, and I was the leading character in the

comedy, which goes towards making up the scenes on the stage of life that is here being enacted.

You know that everybody here is on the qui vive over the drawing which is now going on at El Reno, Okla. My newly made friends and I have spent a great deal of our time in the last few days talking over this exciting event, and of course, forecasting to the best ability of our occult minds, the probable results of our lucky stars. So this morning while I was lazily halting between two opinions as to whether I would lower my own record for early rising and get up, or still cling to the enjoyable state of semi-consciousness bordering upon dreamland, I was suddenly brought to a decision instanter when I heard Frank Mayberry, the fourteen year old son of our landlady, say, "Mamma, one of our boarders has drawed a claim." Oh, the music there was in that boy's voice! and as I always had an ear for music, I was all ears then as I strained to catch every golden word, dropping like nuggets of pure gold from the boy's lips.

While I was daring to hope that Dame Fortune, the erratic goddess of the world's desire,

would cast her favored smiles upon me, and I would be the lucky boarder referred to by the young hopeful, there was still something good in store for me even if I should fail to be the winner of the prize, as we participants in the land lottery and fellow boarders had formed a solemn compact, that should one or more of us be so fortunate as to draw a winning number he or they should stand the treats to the losing members of the band. But my pedal extremities hit the floor with something of a thud when I heard the answer to Mrs. Mayberry's following question: "Which one of the boarders was it, Frank?" and as I caught the reply, "Why, it was Mr. Milam," something like an electric shock seemed to permeate every fibre of my body, and in the mad rush I made to adorn myself in my accustomed faultless attire—being a member of the homeseekers' 400—I got my feet mismatched as to shoes, and after a desperate but short struggle with a shirt that opened behind, I succeeded in getting it on the wrong side before, and never discovered my mistake until I had made several futile efforts to arrange a tie in a double bow-knot at the back of

my neck. However, I was in too great a hurry to correct any errors there might be in the make-up of my toilet; but reaching for my veritable straw, I jammed it down on my head, and making about three strides, I hit the middle of the street on a run for the post office, where the Wichita, Kansas, Daily Eagle is on sale every morning (this paper always gives the most correct list of the drawing). When I arrived at the post office all the papers had been sold, and there were hundreds of half crazy men cursing the news dealers for not supplying the demand. I tried to purchase a copy from several parties, offering as much as fifty cents; but I was not the only "Ninny on the beach." There were others. Finally I found ensconced in a narrow stairway a young man (whom I later found out was a school teacher by the name of Griffeth from either Limestone or Freestone Counties, Tex.) of pleasing appearance, he was scanning rapidly a copy of that much coveted Eagle, and upon my offer to buy his paper at a Klondike price, he politely informed me that he was about through with it, and when he was, I could have it gratis. I thanked him profusely, and in

a short time I had the desired object of my soul in my possession; with nervous hands I hurriedly turned the pages, until finally running down the columns of names with feverish eyes, I found the name Milam. But what is this I behold? Oh Lord, save me from the cruel hand of fate! Do my eyes deceive me? Are they playing me false in this, the most crucial moment of my life? Oh, if it could only be a deceptive trick of the vision! but 'tis not. It is Milam I see printed in seemingly great expanding letters. Yes, that name that lives in history, and has never trailed in the dust. But where, Oh where is Burt J. Milam? Look along the streets of Duncan, and when you find the most abject, woe-begone, down trodden looking object of all this struggling and excited stream of humanity, just stop right there, for that would be he. To bring this harrowing tale of woe to a sudden stop, that may jar your nerves, I must say it was Edward W. Milam, of Comanche, Okla., that won the farm, and not your better half, Burt J.

Now don't become at all discouraged, dear

wife, for we may make a closer miss in the next turn of the wheel.

Will write you again in a few days and tell you of my trip to Lawton.

Devotedly,

B. J. MILAM.

## LETTER NO. 4.

A Trip to Mt. Scott and The Opening of  
Lawton.

## THE HONEST FARMER FROM ARKANSAW.

(AND OTHERS.)

There was an honest farmer  
Who hailed from Arkansaw,  
And landed hopeful in Fort Sill  
To register for a draw.

He had thought the matter over,  
And joined the mighty jam  
That were there to gamble on the green  
Like Mary's little lamb.

He viewed the situation  
From every point at hand,  
Concluded he was lucky  
And could win a piece of land.

When the Company organizers  
Saw the farmer's face benign,  
They sweetly murmured, "You want to register?  
Come join a Co. and get in line."

Up stepped the honest farmer,  
And doffing his old "straw,"  
Said, "I've tackled jest heaps o' games  
Now, I'll tackle the game o' draw".

With cautious steps, he made his way  
Straight up to the registering booth,  
And when his final task was done  
Thought he'd worked it mighty smooth.

The farmer looked supremely happy,  
As through the crowd he pushed with care,  
Grasping his legally signed certificate  
Triumphantly waved it in the air.

For days and days he loitered round,  
And watched the restless thousands come,  
And read their doom in failure drear,  
And wondered at their mighty sum.

While watching that increasing throng  
Of suckers like him without protection,  
He marveled then what chance he had  
To win a quarter section.

The farmer's grub was running low,  
His stock of nerve was playing out,  
While his pair of grass-fed bronchos  
Could scarcely get about.

Then Uncle Sam cleared Fort Sill reserve  
Through his military might,  
And every one to show his nerve  
Squatted around the Lawton Site.

"This change o' base" the farmer cried,  
"Just plays into my hand,"  
And through the motley crowd espied  
The Gambler's visage bland.

He slyly watched the shell-game man,  
And quickly spotted the winning shell,  
But when he saw his lucre van—  
He kicked and said—"Oh! Well.

"Gosh dang! the time has come for me  
To play these schemes with all my might,  
So I'll just play a "wheel" or two  
With the boomers of a new town site.

"If things go on as they are going now,  
I'll stand a darned poor show  
To get a slice o' Injin land,  
An' I'll be out a lot o' dough.

"I guess I'll stick it out,  
And buck the whole blamed thing  
So I can show to Liza Ann  
The care she gets beneath my wing."

Then all the grafters worked their schemes,  
And reduced this honest farmer's purse  
Until it looked like thirty cents  
And he filled the air with many a curse.

At length the time for drawing came  
When the fate of all was known,  
Then it was this honest farmer  
Uttered many a piteous moan.

For the last turn and call had come,  
And the game was then played out.  
"Oh what shall I say to Liza Ann?"  
He yelled with a fiendish shout.

For now he had played the whole layout,  
And even the town site scheme had busted.  
And as he mentally scanned the past  
He with himself became disgusted.

“When I get home and try to explain  
To my own sweet Liza Ann,  
There certainly will be h—l to pay  
’Bout this game with Uncle Sam.

If ever agin I want a game  
When I get back to Liza and her shanty,  
Dear Uncle Sam can keep his land,  
An’ I’ll play a smaller ante.”

So hitching up his ponies  
To his old ramshackle schooner,  
He headed back to Arkansaw,  
Never more to be a “sooner.”

DUNCAN, I. T., August 8, 1901.

MRS. MOLLIE MILAM,  
LUFKIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MOLLIE:—Since writing you a history of my five days’ trip into and through the middle and southern portions of the Lawton district of the new lands opening up for settlement, and composing the new County of Comanche; I took a rest of six days in Duncan, before I succeeded in getting a crowd to make

the trip with me that had been my heart's greatest desire ever since my arrival in this country, which was a trip to the Wichita Mountains and especially Mt. Scott, the highest peak of all the range.

On Sunday morning, Aug. 4th, I had everything in shape with Mr. Pounder and his splendid team of black mules, new wagon, covered with a heavy 10-oz. duck wagon-sheet, and three good spring seats, engaged for the trip, with the following named persons making up the party accompanying me, all fellow boarders with me in Duncan.

Mr. Frank Messer I will mention first as he was the only one of the party with me on my five days' trip, who was with me on the Mt. Scott trip, and of course, by priority entitled to first place of mention in this letter, and whom we addressed as "Georgia" from the fact that he had told us, in strict confidence, to be sure, (which upon the honor of all of us as gentlemen, shall always be held inviolate) that he had a sweet little gazelle of a sweetheart back in the good old State of Georgia, worth a cool ten thousand in her own right and title, who was even then

waiting longingly with open arms for his return, and to use George's vernacular, durned if he didn't think the girl and the ten thousand dollar scheme beat Uncle Sam's lottery all to hollow. You see Frank was one of us unfortunates that "bucked" up against the great national game of chance and lost out. Next, I will introduce Mr. Benj. Keeling, of Springtown, Parker County, Texas. Mr. Keeling was addressed on this trip as "Johnson Grass." This name was bestowed upon him by the crowd while killing time in Duncan. He had tried to persuade Mr. Messer to give up the new country, marry the Georgia girl, buy his (Keeling's) farm in Parker County, Texas, and settle down for life near the thriving neighborhood post office of Springtown. In the meantime, while Keeling held the innocent Messer under the baneful influence of his smooth tongue, the rest of us were trying to fathom the great interest he was taking in our credulous young friend. However, we had to wait only a short time when in an unguarded moment, Keeling divulged the fact that there were fifteen acres of Johnson grass on his farm, and the reason it was not

growing from the outside limits of his farm, and reaching to the center was—that for six long years he had battled against its encroachments by day, and lay awake nights, trying to devise means to check its growth. It was a fortunate thing for Messer, our unsuspecting friend, that we discovered this perfidy of Keeling in time to save him from a terrible fate. We spent some time discussing an appropriate name to apply to Keeling (the State of Texas has some drastic laws anent the cultivation of Johnson grass) as we did not want his true identity to go out to the world while in our company, and as we could not think of anything meaner or more ignoble, we just called him “Johnson Grass” and to this name he answered as long as our little band existed. Now allow me to introduce my warm-hearted friend, “Lady from New Mexico.” Hold! my good wife, don’t become alarmed, but calm thyself while I explain. The person here alluded to is A. W. Wells of Peaster, Texas, and a bigger-hearted, truer fellow never lived. While narrating to us a short history of a stay of nearly two years in New Mexico, in which narration his misapplication

of the term "Lady," as applied by himself to acquaintances of his in the rough-and-ready mining camp of Captain, gave rise to a great deal of merriment, and we there and then applied to him the name "Lady from New Mexico," and to that name alone would he respond during our stay together. Mr. H. A. Mothershead of Stephenville, Texas, was the patriarch of our party, and was called and answered to the name of "Texas," and as he was a very moral, modest, and retiring gentleman in his nature, his benign influence acted as a check to hold us wayward and giddy young fellows back in our rudeness, and of course nothing but choice and elegant language was used in the presence of our venerable friend, "Texas." And last but not least, in the estimation of my companions of this trip, I trust, I will mention "Lightning Rod Agent;" sorry am I indeed, to have to try to account to you for this most miserable sobriquet applied to me by my present comrades. It came about in this way. The first evening while we all were eating our supper together at our boarding house, only a short while after the most of us had met for the first time in our

lives, even before we knew each other's names, "Johnson Grass" had the temerity to show his usual stock of cheek by saying to me that he had certainly seen me somewhere before. I answered that perhaps he had, as I had traveled considerably over the State of Texas; but little dreaming of the slanderous charge he was yet to bring against me. After supper when we were holding our powwow, and were enjoying our evening smoke, to the uttermost astonishment of all present, "Johnson Grass" jumped up and yelled, "I have it! I have it!" We all gathered anxiously around him, very much concerned as to what it was he had, thinking perhaps he might possibly have a severe attack of colic, superinduced by gormandizing upon the bounteous supply of the good wholesome food furnished us by our kind landlady, Mrs. Mayberry, and of which I can say, he was distressingly fond (the food). He finally calmed down enough to say that he had just located me; that he had seen me two or three years ago, selling lightning rods in Parker County, Texas, and had known me very well there; but could not recall my name. Having no proof with which I could

satisfactorily refute his slanderous statements, I thought it best to humor the matter, and apparently reluctantly admitted that I was the party he presumed I was, so right there and then, was applied to me the appellation of "Lightning Rod Agent" and to this I answered throughout our trip. However, in a day or so, "Johnson Grass" discovered he was mistaken in my identity, though after it was too late to repair the terrible injury he had done me.

My object in thus detailing to you so minutely the jovial good nature of the individuals who made up the personnel of our party, is to show you the good feeling of fellowship that existed among all classes who made up the enormous crowd that were playing Uncle Sam's wheel of fortune for a chance at a 1-4 section of the public domain (?). On my first trip out to Fort Sill to register, where there were from two to four thousand registering each day, I was most forcibly impressed by the sparkling good nature depicted in every countenance and not a word did I hear in anger, or in dissension of any kind whatsoever. Though thousands elbowed and jostled each other in their efforts to hold

their places in their respective registering companies, and get ahead of some poor fellow creature who was pushing his way through life at a slower rate, it was all done in good cheer, and I thought the happiest faces I ever saw were the faces composing the aforesaid companies, as they jammed and crowded each other for a place at the registering booths, cracking their jokes, and making sallies at their comrades whom they had only just met, and perhaps would never see or meet again.

We left Duncan at 6:30 o'clock, on the main traveled Duncan and Fort Sill road. It was a beautiful day with a pleasant southwest breeze. We crossed Stage Stand, Rock Creek, and Little and Big Beaver creeks. When about twenty-five miles out we left the main road, and took a new road which bears more to the north, and enters Fort Sill over an iron bridge, which spans Cache creek.

We had been traveling over high rolling prairies all day, and at 3:30 o'clock we arrived at a point where the level prairie terminates in rugged, precipitous cliffs, overhanging the valley of Cache creek. There we stopped the wagon,

and walked out to the end of a promontory, lying to our left, and extending something like four hundred yards in length, and ending in a sharp point, flat on top, containing, I should think, about three or four acres of level ground, covered with blue stem and mesquite grasses; the extreme point is fully one hundred feet higher than the valley below. I stood upon a large pile of rocks on the point of the promontory, or mesa, and took a long, delightful look at the beautiful panorama that lay before my eyes. Cache creek, fringed with a narrow border of beautiful green, with adjacent valleys spreading out on each side until lost in the embrace of the majestic arms of the prairie, made a lovely picture, and you could hardly tell where one begins and the other ends. Five miles southwest, I could see Lawton in its almost embryonic state, a sea of tents, looking in the distance like a flock of white sea birds resting in a safe haven of retreat after a flight of many weary miles, and historic old Fort Sill directly to the west, perched upon a gently rising hill, and like all places of its kind, now presents that

sleepy appearance which causes a feeling of ennui to steal over you in spite of yourself.

Leaving this point of interest that I shall never forget, we entered the valley, and just before reaching Fort Sill, passed through the most extensive prairie dog village I have seen in all this country. They seem to be perfectly gentle, for being on the Government Reserve, they are protected by the soldiers instead of being shot and destroyed, and consequently, having been protected for years, they don't know what it is to fear the destroying hands of those who would wantonly shoot them down in cruel sport. They certainly presented a cunning appearance perched upon the little hillock at the entrance to their burrows, and at a yelp from the sentry that is always on guard, they would make a dive downward and disappear from sight; but only for a few moments, when their curiosity would overcome their timidity, and they would all soon be out again, assuming their previous positions upon the little mounds, ready for another dive into the earth, at the slightest alarm signal from the ever-vigilant guard.

Just before arriving at Fort Sill, we crossed the Marlowe, Rush Springs, and Lawton wagon roads, and a sight was presented to our view that perhaps we will never witness again. Just as far as the eye could see along the roads, in either direction, was a solid, unbroken line of vehicles of every description, from the most dilapidated, old ram-shackle prairie schooner, to the latest rubber-tired, ball-bearing, light-running road wagon, with occasionally a horseman, dashing along at a swinging gait, and two or three were noted afoot. I know the question naturally arises in your mind, What means this anxious, wondrous throng, and where can they all be going upon the same errand bent? The story is soon told. Just breathe the magic name, "Lawton," and you have the wonderful secret of the fairies unfolded before you. They have drunk to the dregs the full and overflowing cup of anticipation, and I am forced to make the prediction that there will be thousands who will drain a deeper potation from the bitter cup of realization.

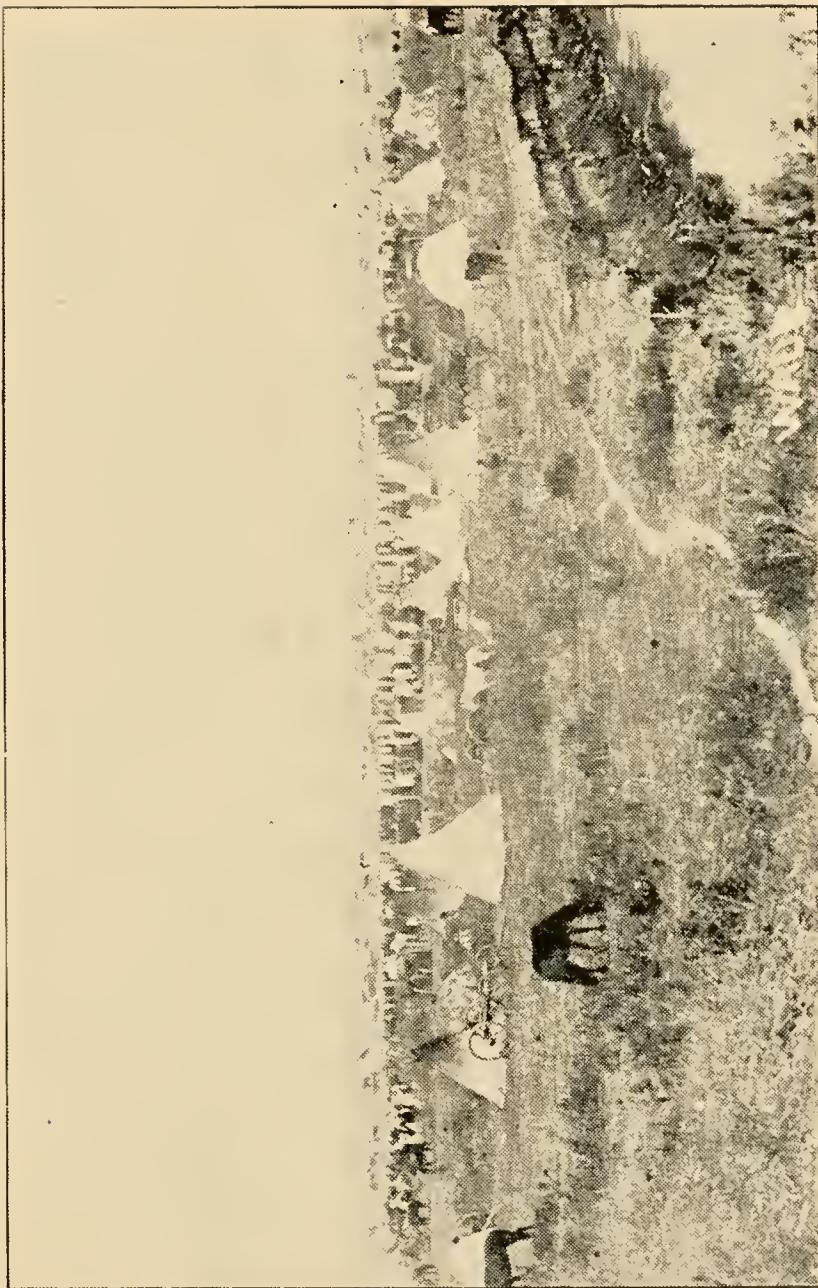
We arrived at the big store in Fort Sill, in

which the post office is located, at 5:30 o'clock. After making inquiries for mail, we left for an eight-mile drive to a point on Medicine creek, where our driver informed us we would find the best spring in all this country. Medicine creek enters Cache creek, just above where Fort Sill sewers empty, and "Johnson Grass" there perpetrated upon our unsuspecting crowd one of his most execrable witticisms. He wanted to know if any of us knew why it was called Medicine creek. We all gave it up after several futile efforts to clear up the matter, and he thereupon informed us that it was called Medicine because it helped to work out the filth that was deposited in Cache creek from the sewers of Fort Sill.

Shortly after leaving Fort Sill, we crossed the target grounds, and striking into the foot-hills of the Wichita Mountains, we entered what is known as the dry belt, which stretches out through the western portion of Comanche County, through Greer, on through the Pan Handle, west to the Rocky Mountains. The grass is a short mesquite, with a growth of

mesquite trees scattered over the prairies and valleys.

Five or six miles from Fort Sill, we came to the settlement of the Apache Indians, located along the east and west banks of Medicine creek, where the valley is about one mile wide, and the land appeared to be very rich. The Indian's summer home, however, is in his teepee about a dozen families in each village. (The Indian's summer home, however, is in his teepee or wigwam along the banks of the numerous clear water creeks of the country.) The houses, as near as I could tell, consisted of two rooms 12x14 with an 8-foot hall between, making apparently, a very comfortable home, and presented a very picturesque and quaint appearance, nestling snugly up against the rugged foot-hills of the Wichita Mountains. Strange to say, these Indians, the most recent tribe to come under the protecting arms of our Government, and also a tribe that proved to be the most bloodthirsty, and the most difficult to run down and capture while under the generalship of that cunning old warrior, Geronimo, (who, by the way, is now in Buffalo, New



Apache Indian Summer Home Along The  
Banks of Medicine Creek.



York, attending the Pan American Exposition) clearly show by the manner in which they cultivate their farms that they are the hardest workers, and the most intelligent of all the Indians living in this new country. They cut their hair short, and the most of them are neatly clad, and seem to be making an effort to become citizens in good standing. I noticed quite a number of farms of several hundred acres in corn, which would have been exceedingly good if there had been more rain. The truck patches around the houses were well planted and showed good cultivation. In fact, the Apache is to be complimented upon his efforts to become self-sustaining and useful.

While passing through the reservation, memories of the past were quickly resurrected, and brought vividly to my mind the first time in life that I ever heard of the Apache Indians. It was in 1882. I had taken the A. T. & S. F. train at Albuquerque, New Mexico, for Las Vegas; leaving the former place about 8 o'clock in the A. M., we arrived at Wallace, a small town, about 10 o'clock. As the train ran into the station, the passengers aboard were

struck with the war-like appearance things presented in and about the little town. Everybody from a five-year-old "Muchacho" up to the typical western cow-boy was loaded down with Winchesters, pistols, and all other arms known to western warfare, and there was an expression of terror, intermingled with recklessness, and dare-devil desperation, written upon every countenance. Upon a hurried inquiry, we learned that the Apache Indians were then within about thirty-five miles of Wallace, and would likely attack the town sometime during the day or before the soldiers could arrive. A runner, riding a swift and sure-footed mountain pony, had dashed in early that morning, and made the startling announcement that five or six sheep-herders had been murdered and scalped the morning before, and the report was current when he left, that the Indians composing the war party had left in the direction of Wallace. The citizens of the town at the time of our arrival were engaged in forming and throwing out picket lines, so as to not be taken by surprise by the blood-thirsty red skins, the Geronimo gang.



GERONIMO,  
Chief of The Apache Indians—The Human Tiger.

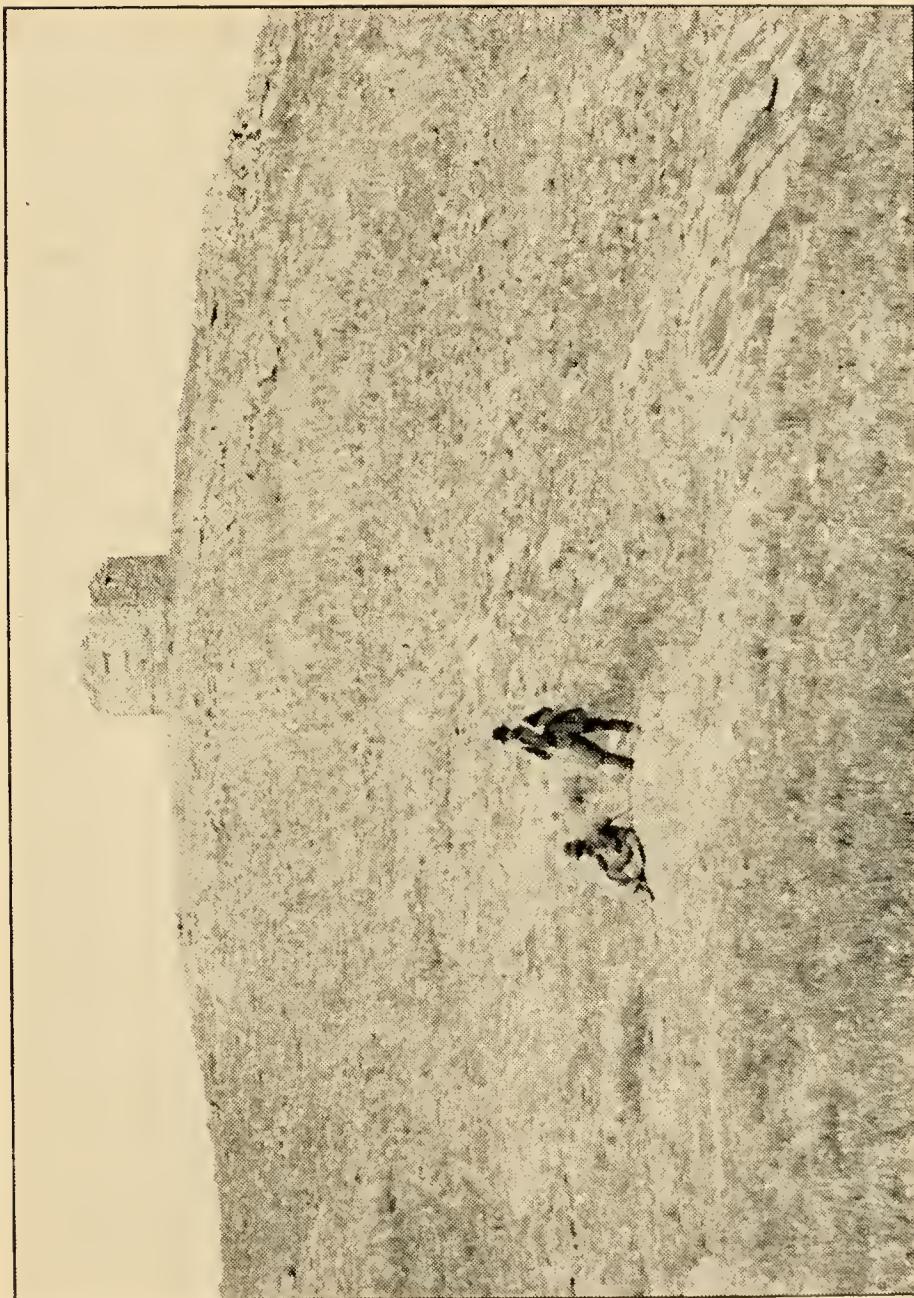


I saw by the daily papers the next day that the Indians had come down within about 20 miles of the town.

Just after leaving the Apache village, we passed near the foot of Signal Mountain. This mountain, though now will be passed with only a casual glance by the ordinary traveler, is quite a point of interest to the close observer, who connects history and the beauties of nature together, thereby blending the ideas of the mind into beautiful word pictures of the soul. Perched upon the very highest pinnacle of the sugar-loaf peak, looking like a black speck floating in the azure skies above, just resting carelessly on a golden ray of sunlight up in the heavens, stands the old watch-tower that was used in the early days of Fort Sill. One standing by the Watch-house with a powerful field glass, was enabled to sweep the country at a single glance in every direction, and detect any movement of the enemy in time to notify by signal the Army post at Fort Sill.

At 7:30 o'clock P. M. we arrived at the spring Mr. Pounder had been telling us about, where

rocky bluffs overhang the stream, and about fifteen feet up the side of the bank, above the bed of the creek, we found a spring gushing boldly forth from crevices of immense granite rocks; the water I found to be the coldest and purest I have drunk in this country. We had just gotten our camp fire made, and were preparing to get our supper when we espied coming around a little clump of woods near the creek, an old, dilapidated, antiquated, wind-shaken, knuckle-jointed, outlandish vehicle, that in some decade long past, had been brought out, and announced to the world as a hack. The modus operandi of locomotion for this old out-of-date rattle-trap, was brought about by two knock-kneed, spavined, half-blind, superannuated animals, belonging to the well known family of quadrupeds of equine extraction called the horse, and in the flickering and fading evening light, the approaching outfit took on the appearance of a hideous phantom bearing down upon us, and if we could have gotten a good view of the driver of this ghostly equipage, I do verily believe we would have all dashed from our camp, and allowed him to capture at least



Signal Mountain and Old Signal Station.



several dollars' worth of groceries, if not our entire outfit. In a few minutes this hard-looking aggregation of God's extravagancies hove to, and cast anchor within about forty yards of our camp, and then laying aside all rules of etiquette, the driver made his "bone racks" safe to a stake pin, and paid us a social call, and incidentally to get a chunk of fire, and my God! what curse hast thou visited upon the poor fellow? The ugliest and most uncanny thing I ever saw, that was supposed to be of human form or semblance, his ears or what should have been, grew flat to his head, what might be termed his nose was only a flat ridge in the middle of his face, and two little round holes just above what was supposed to be his mouth, completed his much deformed nasal appendage, his mouth, a small aperture lending a degree of hideousness to his appearance, was about the size of a silver quarter; and without lips, with two teeth, or more correctly speaking tusks, in the lower jaw, rather to one side and quite a little space between them, with one tusk above exactly over the space between the two below. It seems he had been blessed with

this arrangement at least, so as to be enabled to hold in his pursed-up mouth, an old clay pipe with a short stem, and an ancient odor of strong tobacco about it. This is a true picture of this freak of God's monstrosities in human form. He wore an old broad brimmed straw hat, that showed the hard service of at least three summers and as many winters, a double-breasted blue woolen shirt, a pair of (had been at one time) blue overalls; but now shirt and overalls had long since lost their virgin color of factory origin, and wholly disappeared in a mixture of grease and dirt. Socks—he had none. His feet, however, were encased in a pair of heavy run-down brogan shoes; these completed the attire of this queer and outlandish looking character, with the addition of a big Colt's 45, which he carried stuck down in the waistband of his overalls, and at which he was continually hitching to the sad discomfort of the nervous temperaments of our entire crowd. He after a while took the hint from us that we were busy, so he got his "chunk" of fire and went back to his camp, and we all breathed easier after his departure; but not

long, for as soon as we had eaten our supper, and settled around the camp fire for our usual powwow, this travesty of human form made his appearance again.

We soon found out that he was nomadic in his mode of living, and was a wanderer up and down the earth. For three years, he had been living in the Wichita range of mountains, secluding himself from the eyes of his fellow creatures, and rarely visiting white settlements, and those visits were only at times when he would have to buy a little flour, bacon, and coffee. He also informed us that he had in his pack a good winchester, and we inferred from his conversation that there had been times when his weapons of defense had rendered him valuable service; as to why they had been called into service he did not say, and through politeness, (forced however) we refrained from asking in regard to the why and wherefore in the matter, and he was allowed to tell just as much as he thought proper.

“Lady from New Mexico” made a tough talk about killing a man in the mining regions of New Mexico, and learned while there, never to

go without his Colt's trusty 45 on his person. Oh! it was a good, big talk, and duly appreciated by his companions. "Johnson Grass" in his cool, calculating manner, detailed a little occurrence he was mixed up in down in Texas, where he was forced to wing a man with the winchester he had with him on this trip, which was then lying in our wagon. "Texas" related some hair breadth escapes he had passed through while making gun plays in Stephenville, when it was one of the "tough" propositions of the Texas frontier. "Georgia" had no blood curdling personal experiences to relate; but he sat in utter silence thinking deeply of his ten thousand dollar prize awaiting him back in Georgia, wondering if he would be spared to look upon her beautiful form and loving countenance again, or would he that night have to shed his young life's blood upon the banks of Medicine creek, ruthlessly cut down by the hand of the uncouth creature, in whose loathsome presence he then was. "Lightning Rod Agent" was sitting on the ground, leaning back against a valise, with his eyes cast heavenward, not carried away in admiration of the starry firmament

nor allowing his mind to dwell upon the beauties of the Milky Way; but was earnestly engaged in calling upon the Lord for help in that the time of his greatest need, and if he were going to lend "Lightning Rod Agent" Divine assistance, please to do so right there and then.

In our state of terror we lost sight of the driver of our prairie schooner. Something was said about him, and "Lady from New Mexico" instituted a search for him, and he was finally located in the wagon, wrapped up head and ears in an extra wagon-sheet one of the boys had brought along to sleep on. "Lady from New Mexico" gently unwound him (The operation reminded me of the investigation of a newly discovered mummy from the Catacombs of Egypt.) and the first words he uttered after regaining a good breath were, "Is it still here?" Being informed that it was, and we had been successful in running our bluffs and the danger point was passed, Mr. Pounder crawled out of the wagon, and joined us around the fire, where soon a motion was made and carried that it was bed time, and our unwelcome visitor bade us good-night, and went back to his

quarters. He had met us, and if he had only known it, we were "his'n" for the only weapons of any description in our entire outfit was a 22-calibre target rifle belonging to "Texas" and a nickel-plated pistol, paper cap variety, that was in the valise of "Lightning Rod Agent" which he was carrying to his little son Ralph, in Lufkin, Texas.

This description is not overdrawn, and in regard to the feelings of fear and uneasiness of the crowd, I will say that they were not feigned; but were more real than we were willing to admit even to each other at the time.

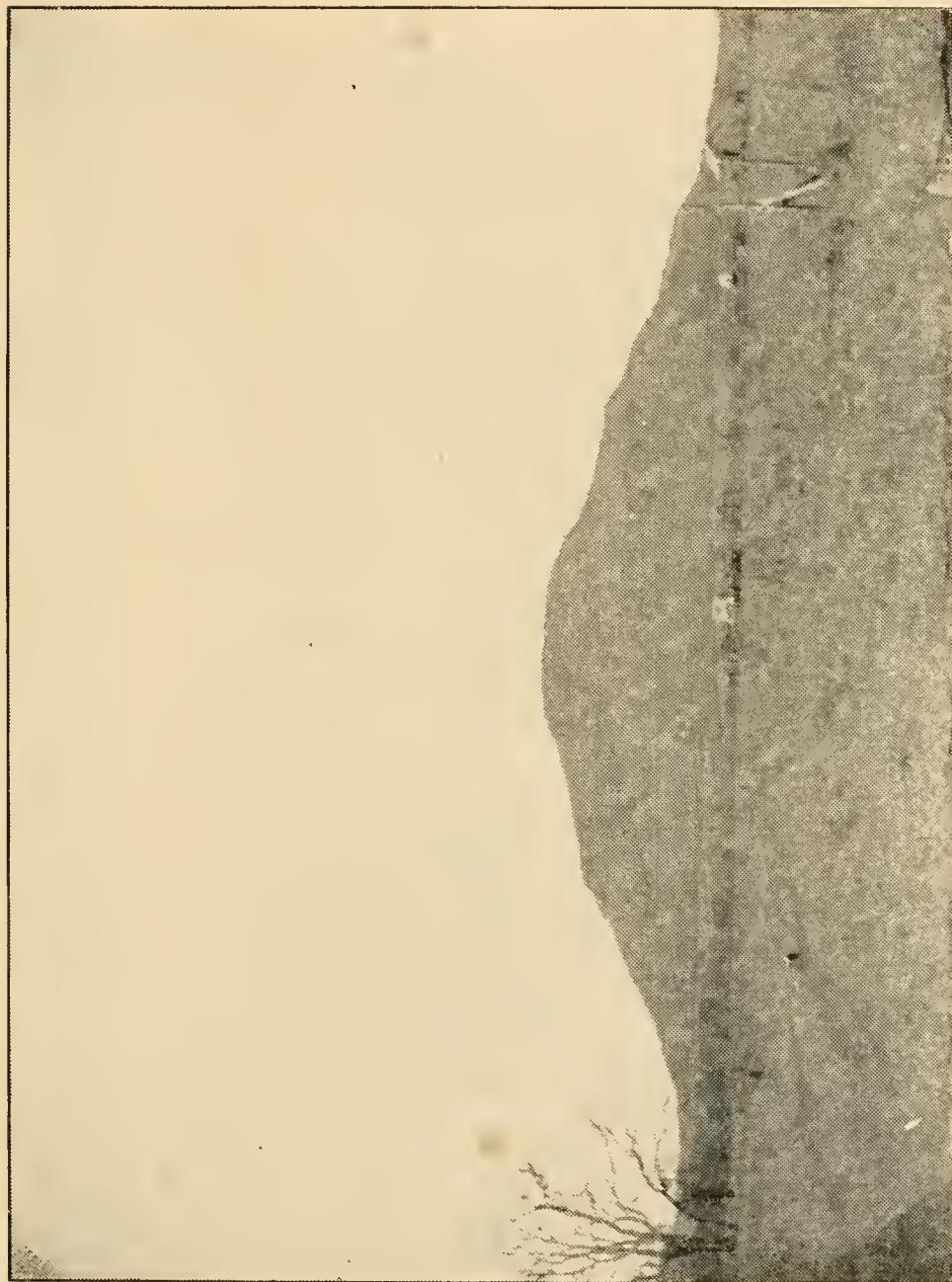
Having become somewhat reconciled to our situation, we all turned in, but as for myself, not to sleep, for I can truthfully say I had the hardest bed I ever tried to sleep on, or it was ever my lot to occupy. I didn't have the tall prairie grass; but was down on the flat bare ground with nothing but the thickness of the wagon-sheet between my body and the ground, which was rather rocky, and kept me "spooning" until my back and both sides had about worn out, and my whole anatomy was just on the eve of collapsing, when a sharp peal

of thunder was heard followed by a flash of lightning; then in a few minutes a cool mountain shower came upon us, and we were forced to seek shelter in the wagon; and we sat up and nodded until early daylight the morning of the 5th. The night's storm had passed away, the atmosphere was cool, the mountain clouds were scurrying through the air thick and furious, making one unaccustomed to the mountains think that in just a few minutes there would be a down-pour of rain.

Breakfast over,—and after a touching farewell to our never-to-be-forgotten friend of pitiable infirmities, we were off for about a three miles drive, still going up Medicine creek to the nearest point of the base of Mt. Scott. That was quite an interesting portion of our trip; the valley kept getting narrower as the peaks and bald knobs of the main range of mountains, encroached upon the margin of the creek, until finally it was picked up and placed upon the fair bosom of those beautiful mountains, where it is succored by the ever-living waters of the rippling springs flowing from the breasts of the almost numberless peaks. After we had

traveled nearly three miles, and the road had been getting more rocky and rough all along, we had to abandon the wagon. Mr. Pounder stayed with his team. "Texas" took his 22-calibre and a bundle of lines and fishing hooks, and made for the clear waters of Medicine; as he was too old and stiff to attempt such an arduous task as climbing Mt. Scott, and a wise decision he made too, for he would have failed utterly. "Johnson Grass," "Lady from New Mexico," "Georgia," and "Lightning Rod Agent" proceeded up the narrow defiles of the rocky gorges leading up to the foot of Mt. Scott, arrived there and began the ascent at 7:30 o'clock. Looking up to the top from where we started, the distance did not appear great. "Georgia," "Lady from New Mexico," and "Johnson Grass" thought it would only take thirty or forty minutes, at the most, to climb to the top; but I, "Lightning Rod Agent," "had been there before," and related some of my experiences in mountain climbing in the Rockies of Montana and Colorado.

I had gone out from Ogden, Utah, on the Utah Northern Ry., then building to the new



MOUNT SCOTT,  
The Highest Peak of The Wichita Range



mining camp of Butte. Its terminal point was Dillon. From there I took the old regulation mountain stage out to Virginia City, at one time the Eldorado of all the West. We left Dillon early in the morning, and arrived at our point of destination after a sixty mile drive over corduroy roads, through gulches, and over the craggy foot hills of the adjacent Rockies. Upon our arrival at the leading hostelry of that disintegrating old mining town of happy reminiscences, we all sought the bath accommodations, and a general cleaning up followed. We soon had supper, and ate with appetites like an ostrich, supper over, a smoke; then a unanimous movement towards our rooms to seek the rest that was much needed by all.

It was in the early part of August, 1881. The mountain weather at that season was getting quite cool, and during the first night of our stay in that high altitude, there was a nice fall of snow up in the Bannock range of mountains, about twenty-five miles west from Virginia City. Arising early the next morning, it was not long before I was enabled to discover through the dawning light of the day, the white

sheet of snow which had been thrown over the silent mountains during the night just past. I thought how nice it would be to walk out to the mountains, draped in their lovely mantle of white, bathe my hands and face in the beautiful snow, breathe in the cooling, frosty breath of heaven, and drink to my heart's content, the healthy ozone of the mountain air, and return for breakfast, thoroughly refreshed; and I would, at the same time, enjoy the pleasure of stealing a march on my fellow travelers of the day before. So quietly slipping out, and striking a swinging gait, I was soon out of the town limits, and as I thought had a large portion of the distance covered to the point in view.

After I had walked and walked until I was becoming leg-weary, I looked at my watch to see how the time had been passing, and was nearly paralyzed when I discovered that I had been walking for nearly two hours, and there were the mountains covered with white, cool, enticing snow, standing up like they were ready to engulf me, no farther away than when I started, of course, but apparently no nearer. I then made the discovery that calculating dis-

tance by the eye in the mountain regions was a very serious matter, and the "Tender-foot" was likely to be led astray. I made a sneak back to the hotel, and I never divulged the secret until the following year when I was spending the summer touring Colorado, the "Switzerland of America," then there was a crowd (myself included) that left Leadville, Colo., to stage it over to Georgetown via Breckenridge and Aspen. We crossed over Mesquite range, and as we began the ascent of Alpine pass, several of us got out and made a cut across the mountains to a point where we could intercept the stage, as it had to make a long circuitous route in order to reach the point of interception, and the distance by the near cut that we were making only seemed a stone's throw away.

Shortly after leaving the stage, I caused a good deal of merriment among our crowd, when we came to a small mountain rivulet, all the members of the party jumped lightly across it, and to their utter astonishment on looking back, they saw me down on the opposite bank from them unfastening and pulling off my shoes, naturally they wanted to know what I

was doing, I then related my experience in measuring distance with my eyes in the mountains of Montana, and told them that while I was considered a fairly good jumper, I was willing, under the circumstances, for them to carry off all the honors; but as far as I was concerned, I was going to wade the stream, if I could, and swim it if I had to, for it might be, for all I knew, an immense big river.

When we arrived at the point where we were going to wait for the stage, we found that the stage had been waiting for us for nearly an hour; we just fell into it utterly exhausted, and there was not one in the crowd that could ever under any circumstances be prevailed upon to make another trip like the one they had just made. Only just another deception in measuring mountain distances, that was all, and long before we reached the top of Mt. Scott, the boys were willing to admit their mistake.

On account of my weight, the boys were very kind to me, and would not go far until they would make me sit down and rest; I could go only a short distance when I would become so exhausted that I would fall all in a heap at the

first suggestion of a rest, and a hard time I would have getting to a normal respiratory condition again; there were no easy stages in our ascent, as it was always a full head of steam up, and a continued upward pull, with the physical tensions strained to their utmost capacity, climbing over acres of rocks, stepping and jumping from one great boulder to another, clinging to little stunted oaks and dwarf mountain cedars, in an almost vain endeavor at times to reach a safety poise; climbing! climbing! tired and thirsty! Oh! the fatigue of this fearful weight of mine! I was hot and my throat was almost parched. What should I do? We carried no water with us, which was a serious oversight, but God in his all-wise power and goodness has the working of nature so arranged that not even the least of his creatures will suffer so long as the natural laws are not violated, and the succor of God is only withdrawn, and his tender mercies disappear when we or any of his creatures overstep the bounds of reasonable, natural conditions or situations, and there I saw the merciful hand of God extended to the rescue of one of his suffering

creatures. Oh! I was dying of thirst when the discovery of water was made, which was held in little hollows on the flat tops of quite a number of old rusty boulders, only a little sup in each little hollow; but pure and sweet, the nectar of life drank from the hollow of the palm of God's hand.

Only just the day before the rocks were dry and barren, showing nothing but desolation in the heat of the midday sun, but through the night just passed, as before mentioned, there came up one of those refreshing mountain showers, and left the little pools of water in the small basins, which had been hollowed out by the incessant whirl the winds had given the course of falling rains during all ages of the past. So if it had not been for the little draughts of water found occasionally, I would never have had the pleasure and honor of standing upon the topmost rock of Mt. Scott, at which we arrived at 10:15 o'clock.

Oh! what a beautiful sight met my eyes as I drank in the visions presented at every point I turned! Language, even if it were like Tennyson's brook that would "go on forever," could

not describe or express the loveliness and grandeur of the sight that is held open to the lovers of nature to behold from that vantage-ground of observation.

While taking a short rest I chipped off some pieces from the crowning rocks, and gathered some beautiful mountain ferns and lichens for souvenirs of the trip.

And while I was thus engaged, "Johnson Grass" and "Lady from New Mexico" had given way to their pent up feelings, and broke forth in effusive efforts to tell the sleeping rocks and rebounding echoes, in language befitting the place and occasion, the Heavenly admiration that welled up in their hearts to overflowing for the wonderful works of nature that can there be seen so truly reflecting the handiwork of an omnipotent Being.

Here! my friend Keeling, there is for you a "sermon upon the mount." For you! in whom I have found by association and close scrutiny of your daily walks of life, the attributes of a vigorous and investigating mind, who has just now reached the turning point in life when the seditious seeds of false ideas and convic-

tions will become deeply lodged in the fertile soil of your mind, which you have allowed to become inoculated to a certain extent with the polluted and devastating breath of scepticism. While on the other hand there can be planted and embodied in every thought emanating from your superior intelligence, that true standard of morals, the full acknowledgment and recognition of the omnipresence of God, the Creator of all things. There on the summit of that beautiful mountain, when in a moment of ecstasy of delight and admiration of the beauties with which you were surrounded, you gave way to the pent up feelings of a worshiper at the shrine of the true God, converted to the true faith of Christian teachings by His handiwork, as shown in the beautiful and awe-inspiring scenes with which you were then encompassed, and though you might, for the sake of foolish argument, contend against the admission; but you on that incomparable morning, before high Heaven, proclaimed aloud in language of poetical symmetry, the very omnipotence of the God that your sceptical reasoning would deny. As you stood on

the topmost rock of that magnificent peak, and surveyed the great expanse of lovely valleys that stretch away to the southeast as far as the vision could reach, and gazed upon the stupendous mass of inanimate rocks and towering hills, which are ever sending forth from their riven breasts myriads of gushing springs that are hastening on their way, tumbling over precipices, and rippling with musical symphony over their rocky, pebbly course to perform the duty of one of the integral functions of the great plan of creation, and to the pure, refreshing air you were then breathing into your lungs, and receiving therefrom the life-giving properties of the delightful atmosphere; I would ask, could you help but give a thought to the great phenomena, and its lesson? And as you stood on the very pinnacle rock of that mountain, and turned your face upward, and let your eyes feast upon the beauties of the cerulean skies above, I am sure there could not help but arise with lasting force and ever-renewing energy in your bosom a thought of the great illimitable space above, and the magnitude of the planets and the vast

system of worlds by which we are surrounded, and as you stood on that point of beautiful prospects with God's great luminary flooding the world with its effulgent rays, I know you saw reflected throughout the vastness of the plan of creation, the guiding Hand of omnipotence, as it is stamped in the most legible characters on the whole economy of nature.

We started on our descent feeling greatly rested. Arrived at the bottom of Mt. Scott, the starting point, at 12 o'clock.

As we were making our descent, there was running through my mind, a picture of the shifting scenes that would soon follow. While now the only persons in these mountains is an occasional crowd of sight-seers, like ourselves, out for recreation and to see the beauties of the country in its pristine glory, the changes that will be wrought even in the next few days, will be almost beyond the comprehension of the mind, these dear old hills and mountains will then be over-run by the multitude of treasure seekers, that are now held back only by the iron hand of our Federal troops until the legal hour for the opening of

the country arrives. A rush will then be on for mineral claims of every kind, and no doubt some good ones will be found. Then the canyons and ravines will be resounding with the harsh clang of ponderous machinery, answering like an obedient child to the magical touch of the ingenuity of man, who with his ruthless hand of desecration will soon destroy the beautiful effect that is now so admired by the lovers of rugged nature.

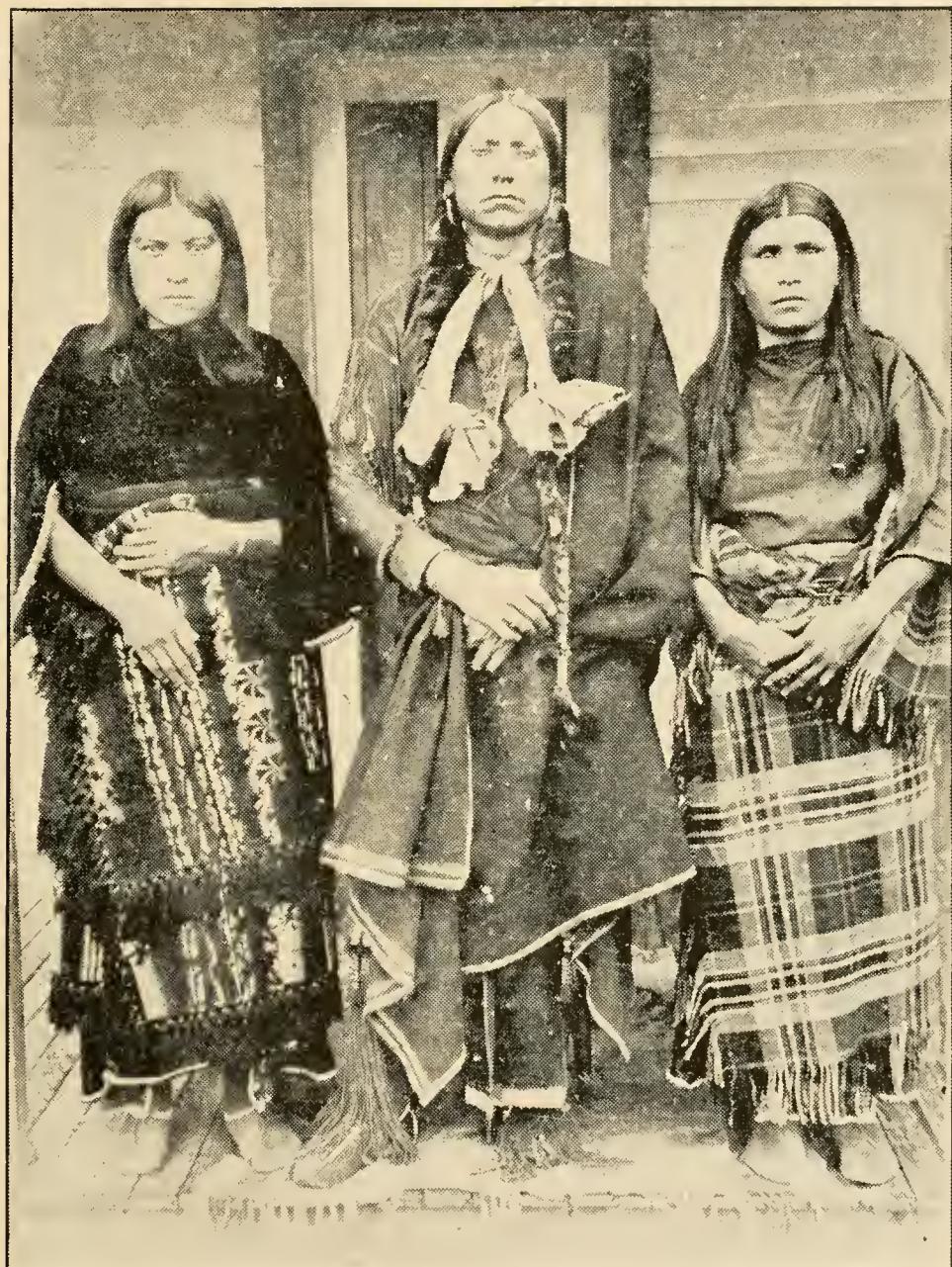
We arrived at our wagon at 12:30 o'clock; I was greatly exhausted and almost dead on my feet. We prepared dinner, and just as we were on the eve of partaking of it, "Texas" came in with a nice string of fish, and a couple of squirrels, and reported having a pleasant time along the banks of "Medicine." He thought he had had a great time, and in his way of looking at life, perhaps he had; but he had hidden himself from the beauties of the world, and of its loveliness he had not the remotest idea, and we four, who had made the mountain trip, classed him among the common herd, unfit almost for a continual association to the end of our trip; but the game he brought in

had an ameliorating effect upon us, and we could to a certain extent overlook his shortcomings.

We left for Fort Sill and Lawton at 1:30 o'clock, and by driving fast we arrived in Fort Sill at 3 o'clock; there we began to realize we were getting near that magical city, as there were hundreds there for their mail, who had driven over from Lawton, which is five miles south. I found a great many who were still making anxious inquiries about their mail, nursing to the last, the fond hope that, even then, though it would be up in the thousands their names would be among the prize (?) winners, and a card notifying them of the fact would be hailed with delight.

After a few minutes' stop to watch the movements of the restless crowd, we were off on the last lap of our journey which would land us in Lawton.

Nearly two miles south of Fort Sill, we passed through "Red Store," a noted place throughout this country, as it is the home of Emmett Cox, the twice son-in-law of Quannah Parker, the venerable old chief of the Coman-



QUANNAH PARKER,  
Chief of The Comanches.

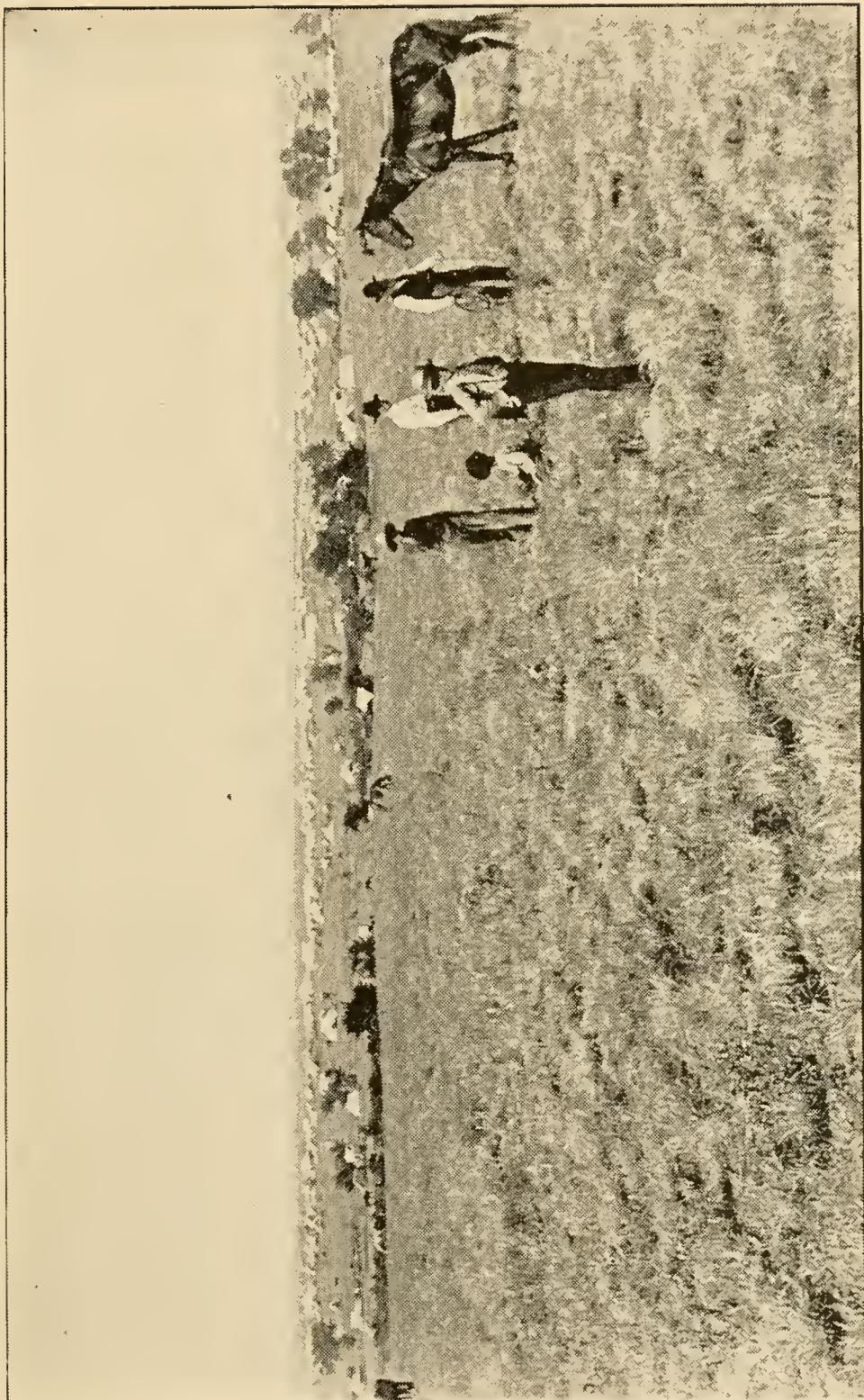


ches. Cox is a Scotchman of noble birth, belonging to and descending from one of the oldest and most war-like clans of Scotland. He married a daughter of Quannah Parker's, many years ago, when he first landed in this part of the Indian country; she soon died, and he again married another one of Quannah's daughters. He and his family occupy a beautiful two-story frame dwelling of modern architecture, situated upon the eminence of a gently rising prairie only a short distance from his store, where he carries a splendid stock of goods, and does a large trade with his copper-colored adopted brothers, the Comanches.

One mile farther south, we passed the Indian Mission school, with its large white stone buildings, commodious in all their arrangements, from the large class-room to the smallest out-buildings. A lofty stand-pipe filled with the purest water from Ambrosia Springs furnishes the school and grounds in any quantity needed.

We arrived on the outskirts of the "Tent City" at 4 o'clock, and drove slowly along "Goo-Goo Avenue." It consists of a single row of tents within one hundred feet of the town site

reserve, and runs south half a mile where it forms a junction with McCoy Avenue or Main Street, as it is generally called; this street, 120 feet wide, runs one mile west, and consists of a double row of tents, the north row backing up against the town reserve and facing south, the south row fronting north, and when I say, a row of tents, I mean that in all its literal sense, for every foot of space is occupied, and the tents are absolutely wedged in. We found the streets jammed to their utmost capacity with vehicles and pedestrians. For nearly two hours, we worked our way among that living sea of humanity, and gazed in wonder at the sights being enacted before our eyes, which time can never efface from our minds. We had discussed Lawton for the past week, we had in our efforts tried to draw upon our imaginations and form some idea of this latent monstrosity of future developments; but we never, in the most distorted imaginative condition of our minds or iridescent dreams, reached the enormous latitude this fledgeling was to take on the first day of its birth, the 27th of July, when there were ten thousand people on the ground,



“Tent City,” Aug. 6th, 1901.



who had trekked from Fort Sill five miles north. The 5th of August, the estimated size of the crowd was twenty-five thousand, with thousands upon the roads leading from Comanche, Duncan, Rush Springs, Marlowe, and Chicasha, who would arrive through the night in order to attend the opening of the lot sales. As we drove slowly along with the wagon-sheet so raised that it would not obstruct the view of that most wonderful sight, we noted the different lines of trade, that were carried on in the tents, which were used for business purposes, the small tent with the vendor of red lemonade and hot peanuts, crying aloud the superior qualities of his wares, next would be the wholesale and retail dry goods tents, doing business alongside of the butcher, then a restaurant, a fancy candy stand with the candy run together by being exposed to the rays of the hot sun, but still, I suppose, entitled to the songs of chin music the owner was giving the surging throng, detailing the merits of his stock in trade, then there would be next in line an immense tent used for gambling purposes, where the festive sport, like Mary's little lamb, made their living

by "gambling on the green" and from the success the nervy shell-men were having, I should think they were reaping a rich harvest. Then would come the world's famous Gospel tents interspersed among the iniquities of the roaring young giant, and thus it ran around the entire length of the city. In fact, all lines of trade known to civilization were to be found there, both on a large and small scale. Of all enterprises represented I found the lodging tent in the greatest evidence. Each morning the owner stood in front of his door and booked for cash in advance for 25 and 50 cents, his cots for the following night, and by 11 o'clock A. M. every day, I found by inquiry that all the cots in the city were taken, and thousands had to sleep out upon the ground.

We had made the entire rounds of the city, and Mr. Pounder was instructed to return east through the prairie, and stop about 75 yards back of the tents on "Goo-Goo Avenue," and strike camp until morning. The other boys and I started back afoot so we could see better the working of the grafters of the shell games, which seemed to be the center of attraction.

We had just made our way back to "Goo-Goo Avenue" and were making a few little purchases for our supper when a great furor of excitement suddenly swept over the people. We saw the gathering of the excited crowd, pistols were being flourished in the air (to the sore distress of myself) and above the din of all could be heard the angry cry of "hang him! hang the scoundrel!" Things were looking squally for the innocent by-stander when the especially appointed officers got the upper hand of the crowd, and soon made their way out from among the desperate howling mob with two persons, one a nice looking young gentleman, whom I afterwards learned was Dr. Igel of Texas.

I could hear him saying as they passed me, "He robbed me," "He took my money!" The grafted had nothing to say. In fact he had about all the breath knocked out of him at the hands of the human tigers from whose clutches he had just escaped. His shirt was torn and hung in shreds around his waist, his nose was bleeding, and he had every appearance of one who had just escaped from the jaws of death,— and according to my way of judging matters,

he had. It seemed the “little” Doctor had run up against the gambler’s shell game and lost his money, or might have had it taken from him openly, but this is not probable. Any way he “croaked,” and made a great play for public sympathy and got it; and the good people of that motley crowd, it so happened, were ripe for an opportunity to wreak vengeance upon the whole gambling fraternity, and the victim of this little escapade soon had the tide of popular sentiment running his way, and what they did to that gambler’s shell game was a “plenty.” I understood that the little Doctor was held only a few minutes by the officer, and as every one the morally inclined, gamblers, cut-throats, toughs, and robbers, were all equally guilty of trespassing, and each recognized the other as an interloper; they had to pass upon the same level, that is from a legal standpoint, consequently, there were no laws except those made by the better element, and executed just to the extent as dictated by the indignation or outraged feelings of the better class, who were expected to mould the future social conditions of the city. Therefore the gambler in his tatter-

ed raiment was soon free, and looking for victims fresh to "buck" his little game.

In a great state of trepidation, after what I had just witnessed, I made a hasty exit from the streets, and sought out our wagon from among the hundreds that were anchored near by. I found when I arrived that the other boys had preceded me by several minutes, and were bewailing the fact that we had no weapons of defense in our outfit.

Having about gotten our nervous systems quieted down to the normal stage, we were getting ready to eat a short supper, when our attention was attracted by the sudden and alarming fusillade of pistols down on the main street, and from the unearthly noise emanating from that direction, it appeared that bedlam had turned loose. The thunder of angry voices could be heard occasionally above the sharp reports of the 45's that were in rapid action. Soon could be discerned in the fading light of day, dark objects as they shot out from the alleys and streets as if propelled forward upon the toe of a big boot, closely followed by an angry mob,

the whole made a scene that took on the appearance of the demons of hell turned loose.

And during that pandemonium out-break, could be seen the tin horn gamblers, the grafters, and all the “toughs” coming, coatless, hatless, — — — — — in twos, fours, half dozens, and squads of fifteen or twenty; they were fleeing from the wrath of an outraged people, and making for the bottom of Cache creek a mile away. It seems that after the people had become wrought up over the little Doctor’s trouble, the Texas people leading, a meeting of indignation was held, and it was decided to clear the town of the whole gambling fraternity, and by half past six o’clock, there was not a gambler within the limits of the city, or if there was, he was keeping very low, and not plying his usual vocation.

After the excitement had subsided, we proceeded to eat our supper; but used no lights, as it was thought, under the circumstances, it was very unsafe.

After our meal was over, “Lady from Mexico” and “Georgia” gathered up courage enough to make a visit to the business streets of the city.

“Johnson Grass,” “Texas,” and I, with the driver, remained in camp.

We took our usual smoke and being very tired after our hard climb up Mount Scott, and the general hardships of the day, we made our beds down upon the high prairie grass near the wagon, and retired at 9 o’clock.

We had been lying down about five minutes when there rang out upon the still night air, the sharp report of a pistol, followed in a few seconds, by two other reports almost simultaneously. I saw the flash of the last two shots. Following almost immediately upon the last report, was the cry of a dying man, I heard him plainly say, “Oh, God! Oh, my Lord!” These were the last outcries he made.

This occurred about seventy-five yards east of our camp on the road to Cache creek. In a little while, parties in the town hearing of the occurrence, came out, got him, and carried him to the hospital, where he died the next morning at 4 o’clock. His name was Irwin Rogers, and he came from Kay County, Oklahoma. He with three other companions had been upon the streets, and were returning to their wagons

down near Cache creek, and had gone only a short distance, when they were held up by two foot-pads who ordered them to throw up their hands. The three men with Rogers became so frightened they did not realize what they were doing, and ran off. Mr. Rogers seemed to have made a movement to get his "gun," then the robbers became murderers and shot him, and even took the small amount of money he had, after he was down in the road, and his life's blood fast flowing from his veins. Such a dastardly crime as here related, was not calculated to lessen the already wrought up tension of the nerves; but on the contrary, taken in connection with the fact that "hold-ups" and open daylight robberies were frequent occurrences, and that only the night before, the occupants of the lodging tents throughout the city, had been robbed of about eighteen hundred dollars in money and valuables, naturally increased our state of terror. It was some time after the excitement incident to the robbery and murder before we again sought the rest of body and mind that we all sorely needed.

However, after a fairly good night's rest, we

were prematurely awakened by the din of noise, sounding in the distance like the roar of the ceaseless roll of the ocean's waves, as they dash with fury against the walls of a rock-bound coast, occasioned by the already gathering throng of thousands upon "Goo-Goo Avenue" and Main street, for was not this the day of the dawning of a new regime when the shackles of restraint would be broken asunder and the free born American, who is ever restless under the most favorable conditions, will be allowed to turn himself loose upon the new country, when each and every one will be basking in the sun-light of his own individuality and self-importance?

After a hearty breakfast (and by the way, "Lightning Rod Agent's" last meal with his honored and true companions of the trip) we were all soon mingling with the "flotsam and jetsam" of the tide of drifting humanity that was being roughly tossed upon the turbulent bosom of the ever deceptive sea of life. The report was that there were at least two thousand new arrivals through the night, and they were still pouring in. No one but those on the

ground can ever realize the magnitude of that cosmopolitan crowd. While loitering along the streets of the canvas city in the early morning, I could not help but note the absence of the gambler and grafter whose presence was in such evidence the day before. The action of the people had put a quietus on all classes of sports, and I rather think it will be many a long day before any of them ever darken the portals of Lawton again with their presence.

There was a feeling of relief when Mr. Wm. Painter, the recent appointee of Governor Jenkins, entered upon his official duties as sheriff of the new county of Comanche. He promised the good people that he would surely bring order out of the chaotic conditions then prevailing, and I believe he will do so. While he is a gentleman of pleasing and congenial appearance, he also has that strong cast of character stamped on his countenance that clearly indicates that he will carry out the law to the letter, quietly and agreeably if possible; but forcibly if necessary.

The threats of the saloon men to the effect that they would have their saloons open, and

would be selling whiskey in Lawton by 1 o'clock the morning of August the 6th, were not carried into execution; though quite a number of them had their places of cursed iniquity erected, and ready to deal out the fiery draughts of hell, among a people who were already cursed with the presence of hundreds of the hardest characters to be found outside of the boundaries of Hades itself. Holy horrors! just to think of turning the liquid sin of the devil loose among those hundreds of human demons! Oh God! the thought is too terrible for the mind to dwell upon.

I visited the office of the Lawton Daily Democrat, then occupying quarters temporarily in a large tent, and ably edited by L. T. Russell, a courteous, nice gentleman. I ran a little free silver into the hot box of his printing press, with instructions to keep her coming, as I wanted to watch the pace of Lawton at a distance through the aid of the newsy columns of the lusty little daily. Mr. Russell assured me that within a very short time he would have in all the latest and up-to-date printing machinery, then he would give the people a paper that

would reflect credit upon this great South-western country, which I am satisfied he will do.

As the sale of lots was advertised to begin promptly at 9 o'clock, I repaired to that point of interest, where I arrived about five minutes before the sale was opened. There I found an anxious, excited, conglomerated multitude of real and would-be speculators, sight-seers, rubberneckers, or jammers you might say, with no doubt the light fingered pick-pocket, ready to ply his nefarious calling if the opportunity was presented. All mixing and commingling together with all restraint and ordinary semblance of politeness cast aside.

Promptly at the stroke of nine, the sale was legally opened, and sales began. The auctioneer's stand was on an elevated platform with a canvas covering over it, and open all around so as to secure free ventilation, and it looked to us victims boiling in the hot sunshine below like a sweet haven of rest secure from the fiery face of "Old Sol." Under instructions from the Department at Washington, the business lots must be sold first, size of same 25 x 140 feet. So lot No. 1 in block No. 23 on C

street was the first lot put up, when some lively bidding ensued, and was finally knocked down for the enormous sum of four hundred and twenty dollars.

I make this statement about the price for the reason that the location of the lot is one-half mile from Court House Square, and taking the sale as a criterion by which to be governed, the lots around the Court House Square will evidently bring several thousand dollars each. As the sale of the lots is a spot cash transaction, some very unique and ludicrous sights were witnessed. For instance, the gentleman making the purchase of the first lot, ripped open the inside seam of his pants leg, and took therefrom a roll of "long green" from which he counted out the required amount. Then again you would see some one in the crowd drop down upon the ground, take off his old shoe, "skin" off his sock, and fish out his "wad," then after replacing sock and shoe, walk up and "plank" down his payment. Dozens of instances like these mentioned were occurring all the time the sale was progressing.

From there I made my way back to the Land

Office where an animated scene was being enacted. The first hundred and twenty-five lucky winners, who had drawn the capital prizes, were surrounded by a horde of lawyers, who for a small stipend were twisting the statutes bearing upon the entering of public lands to suit the case in hand. J. R. Wood, who had drawn number one (1), the richest prize of all, seemed to have the largest retinue of the legal lights in his swing, and finally made his filing on four 40's lying along the entire length of the town site, to the mortification and chagrin of Miss Mattie Beale and her army of admirers.

After some little time spent there, I made my way to the Indian camp, situated about half a mile north-east of the "Tent City." The Comanche Indian is like the veritable small boy at the circus parade. He is always following the largest and noisiest crowd. It was then about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was throwing over this already dry country, an unusually oppressive degree of heat. As I approached the village, there were no signs of life on the exterior of the tents, and the first reception I received was from the hundreds of

dogs which had suddenly become aroused with excited animation at my appearance. They came out at me in swarms. Dogs of all sizes, colors and breeds, barking and yelping, and to one not familiar with the cowardly instincts of the average Indian dog, the situation would have been alarming; but I had been in Indian camps before, having spent several years of my life among the Sioux of the North-west, consequently I gave little notice to the seeming onslaught of howling canines.

I found the women and children lolling in their tents, the "old bucks," of course, being in town, sight seeing, and playing their favorite game "Mexican Monte." The Comanche is an inveterate gambler, but plays the game mentioned, exclusive of all others. You will never see him running up against a "sure thing game." He leaves these all severely alone, and says his credulous pale face brother is "heap big fool."

I found some of the young Indian girls dressed in the costliest raiment known to the fashionable world. While the style was not exactly up to date, the quality of material was not

lacking; a pink waist and green skirt of pure silk, with a beautiful large blanket thrown loosely around the shoulders, and allowed to hang low enough around the neck to display a solid gold necklace, was a costume that was not at all uncommon. Occasionally, an old squaw with her papoose strapped to her back, would pass from one tent or teepee to another, I suppose returning a social call that was paid to her from the neighbors during the heated term of the day before.

The boys joked me considerably about a young squaw of perhaps sixty summers, who made "Goo-Goo Eyes" at me as we were coming from Fort Sill. She passed us on the road, she was bareheaded, riding both sides and the top of the pony at the same time. From my position, she could see more of me than she could of the other boys, as they were screened by the wagon-sheet. The old hag kept smiling and kissing her hands to me, and seemed to enjoy my discomfort. She very soon caught the drift of the joke, and as the boys were laughing uproariously at my expense, she con-



Apache Squaw and Papoose



tinued her monkey shines until lost to view down the road.

It was then about 4 o'clock, and I once more sought the sights of the city; as I had been too busy so far to think of eating I began to feel the pangs of hunger, and entered the most respectable looking restaurant among the scores that line the streets, where for the small sum of fifty cents, I soon appeased the longings of a ravenous appetite. While eating I was watching the ever-changing scene before me, and I noted the war-like appearance of the different vehicles arriving from the railroad stations along the R. I. & P. Ry., each bearing its burden of tired, dusty travelers who were just arriving at their journey's end.

After I had eaten, I went out to make a special inspection of several hacks and wagons near by, and found them all with an outfit of winchesters, shot-guns and Colt's 45's almost equal to an arsenal. Upon inquiry about the matter, I was informed that since Sunday evening, when highway robbers had held up and robbed about twenty wagons on the Rush Springs and Marlowe roads, and killed Dr.

Beanblossom's eleven year old son, who with his father was on his way to Lawton from Oklahoma City, all the drivers of the various vehicles had fully armed themselves, and were ready to meet the murderous scoundrels in a way and manner that would prove distasteful to them if they should dare show their heads.

I was then thinking seriously of starting home, and the more I allowed my mind to dwell upon that thought, the more easily I yielded. While I was walking along meditating over the matter, I was suddenly brought to a decision when upon my ear there fell a sonorous voice in a monotone key, "This hack goes to Duncan. Will leave in a few minutes." I just fell all over myself in my endeavor to get into the hack before others perhaps wanting to go that way, would fill the seats. I soon found Mr. Brymer, the gentleman driving the hack, was an all around good man and from Texas. Soon our complement of passengers was secured and composed of the following parties: J. Frolyat of Paris, Texas, his loquacious friend T. S. Agorbra of the same place, and a gentleman from Illinois, who proved to be an exponent of Ne-

gro Equality and Civil Rights.

We drove by our camp for my valise, where I bade Mr. Mothershead and Mr. Messer good-bye. Mr. Wells and Mr. Keeling being away in town, I had to leave without a last hand-shake from those two dear old boys who will always hold a warm place in my memory.

And just as the sun, bathed in a glorious halo of dazzling gold, was sinking below the horizon of the west, we passed the confines of the "Magic City."

Again and again, I turned to take a long last farewell of the scenes that had been so fascinating and attractive to me.

Oh, Lawton the great! It was with sighs of regret I bade thee adieu. I beg thee ten thousand pardons for thus sinning against thee, and wish to Heaven that bitter cup of abject humiliation could have been dashed from my lips, and crushed to atoms at my feet; but the honor of having been allowed to behold thy fair young form will live with ever renewing energy in my memory throughout my life; and as years roll by upon the swift wing of time, and I hear from time to time of the splendor and efful-

gence of thy shining light, like the Star of Bethlehem, so shedding thy luminous rays as to attract and draw to thee the wise men of the East and West and North and South, who will bow down at thy throne of success, and bathe thy feet in myrrh and sweet incense of spices, and burn upon the altar of thy phenomenal progress the offerings of sweet bay and scented oils. The delightful odor thereof will be gathered up by the gentle breezes as they fondly caress thy fresh young cheeks, and thus the anointed breath of thy greatness will be wafted to the uttermost limits of this great country, and thy worshipers, whose name is legion, will rise up and proclaim to the wide world the resources of thy charms; and then will I know and be the happier for knowing that all the prophecies that have been made as to thy future greatness have come true, and thou Oh! Lawton, will be the bright shining star of the great Southwest.

In a few minutes after leaving and just before reaching the crossing on Cache creek, we passed ten or fifteen young ladies riding horseback a la Doctor Mary Walker, without saddles,

but using instead some very rich colored Indian blankets; they were dressed in the style of gaudy Indian "bucks" with the feathered head trimmings, and fancy bead work adorning the buckskin leggings, and in fact with all the trappings that go towards completing the regulation Indian make-up; and as we whirled by them they bade us bon voyage. That was decidedly the gayest crowd I saw in Lawton.

In a little while, night threw her mantle of darkness around us, and then Mr. Brymer, with whom I was occupying the front seat, shoved two shells loaded with buckshot into his double barrel shot gun, and gave it to me, and told me to keep a sharp lookout as we were crossing the dark creek bottoms, and if anyone attempted to hold us up, just blow their heads off. With trembling hands I received the gun and replied, "I will kill a whole flock of robbers if they should have the temerity to tackle us."

Mr. Frolyat worked his nerve up to the point of war of extermination, and got out his Colt's 45, and placed it in convenient reach so as to be ready in an emergency call. Mr. T. S. Agorbra said he was only armed with the weapon of

kind—the same the Holy Writ mentions when one of the old patriarchs of that time slew thousands of his enemies, the Philistines, with a similar weapon. And occasionally he would turn this terrible means of his defense loose upon the batteries of the gentleman from Illinois, and by using some very forcible arguments plainly spoken, he would soon have his antagonist utterly vanquished, so far as the untenable position that gentleman held as to Negro Equality and Civil Rights.

Occasionally, both of my Paris friends would fire hot shot into his camp at such a lively rate that they would fairly take his breath, and finally succeeded in silencing him effectually, thereupon he settled down upon the sack of corn he was occupying as a seat, in the rear end of the hack, and doubling himself into about the shape of a distorted letter S, went to sleep, and nothing more throughout the remainder of the trip was heard from him, only an occasional snort like the bellow of a mad bull when facing his tormentor in a Mexican “Bull Ring.”

We had several startling experiences of running almost into the arms of those horrid,

blood-thirsty road agents; but which upon close inspection, each time, proved to be only a "mule Skinner" of a belated wagon with a load of lumber bound for Lawton, and camped by the wayside, which in the dark gloom of the night, with the mules and the driver stalking about the wagon, made it appear to our already excited minds like an armed body of men lying in wait, and ready to pounce upon the unwary traveler.

Striking situations of this kind, caused the nervous individuals of our party (Frolyat and me) to grasp our weapons more tightly, and make preparations for playing the leading role in the grim act of a terrible tragedy. In regard to T. S. Agorba, I will say that he could never be caught off his guard, as he was always ready and firing away all the time, hit or miss, he was always cocked and primed for a fresh charge, and in order to escape the full effect of his continuous broadside, Frolyat and I would often get out in the darkness and take to the prairie until we had gotten in a condition to again meet the onslaughts of our talkative companion, whose mouth was cut bias, and

when opened to receive the enormous quantities of hot pancakes, maple syrup, and pies that he has been known to consume at one sitting, then it is, so Frolyat told me, he presents a ludicrous picture indeed, as he has a habit peculiar to himself of pushing his ears back by a muscular movement, about an inch every time he opens that unfillable aperture, this being necessary in order to save those asinine appendages from being engulfed in its cavernous depths.

From Frolyat's description of that performance, I dare say it would be a sight that would arouse the risibilities of the gods of the ancient Egyptians if they could behold this gourmandizer of unsatiable appetite, devouring all wholesome viands that might by intention or accident be placed before his hungry eyes.

And Frolyat said that just only the day before on their trip out to Lawton from the nearest railroad station in a lumber wagon, when the meridian of the sun marked the dinner hour, and they had arranged the contents of their grub basket on the seat between them, his loquacious friend immediately lost all interest in the lovely scenery with which they

were surrounded, and turned his undivided attention to the bounteous spread they had secured in a restaurant, before starting on their overland trip, and which was then exciting the secretions of his salival glands to such an extent that his mouth was dripping like an East Texas negro's in watermelon season.

And Frolyat swore on his word of honor that this wonderful devourer of good things to eat actually devoured a whole baked hen, all the jam, cakes, and cookies while he (Frolyat) was eating a ham sandwich; and after he had cleaned up everything in sight, he drank a copious draught of water from a stagnant branch, and lay down in the wagon and went to sleep.

And while thus locked in the arms of Morpheus his terrible mouth had fallen open, and the sun's hot rays were penetrating even to the masticated portion of the defunct hen, the flies had swarmed around the ghastly gash across his countenance, and reminded one of a party of tourists climbing Mount Vesuvius; they were trying to get to the mouth of the crater.

Frolyat, in order to save his friend from being fly-blown as well as wind-bagged, secured

a palm leaf fan from their baggage, and while he denied himself the pleasure of viewing the beautiful scenery of the country through which they were passing, he industriously fought the thousands of little pests which would have otherwise despoiled the pleasure of his friend's siesta.

I hardly think Frolyat could have worked more strenuously in his self imposed task of protecting his sleeping friend from the flies, than he worked in trying to keep the gentleman from Illinois from thrusting his feet forward and under the seat occupied by himself, thereby causing him a great deal of discomfort. And long before we reached Duncan, he had ruined his five-dollar umbrella, punching at the pedal extremities of our prostrate friend of somnolent tendencies, and there were times when patience ceased to be a virtue with him, and he was sorely tempted to try his Colt's trusty 45 on this Illinois plague, before tackling the desperate road agents.

Just before our arrival at Duncan, a quietness seemed to steal over our party; every one was deeply engaged in his own thoughts, communing with oneself, as it were. During this

interim of quietude, I was lazily reclining in the comfortable high easy seat with my head resting against one of the uprights that supported the cover of the hack when almost unconsciously I fell into a doze.

Five years have passed in the history of life. Again I am back in the "Promised Land" or Comanche country, bowling along in a livery rig on the road from Duncan to Lawton, and reminiscently connecting the past with the present. It is a beautiful June morning, the sun just peeping up from the east, floods the earth with a sheen of purple golden fire, and stirs all nature to life; and as the golden arrows of this great ocean of radiance is reaching out over the land of bountiful crops, the dew-drops, which are yet clinging to the grasses and ripening grain, gather in the flashing rays of sunlight, and throw back to the delighted vision of the beholder, seemingly myriads upon myriads of sparkling, glittering diamonds, the birds are sweetly caroling, occasionally the whir of a prairie chicken startles one as it wings its way from one field of wheat to another. Now I hear the clear cock-a-doodle-doo of the

barnyard despot, and in my imagination I can see him as he struts and plumes himself in regal style while basking in his early morning's sun bath. Upon the soft balmy air, is borne the gentle low of the sleek fat cattle as they are being driven to the meadows by a robust farmer lad. Now a more discordant sound falls upon my ear, it is the sharp bark of an enraged canine that has become aroused at our near approach to a lovely farmhouse. The cheery voice of the maid of all work is heard in song as she rattles the milk pans together, and as we glide by over the smooth, well-kept road, we catch a glimpse of the farmer's wife as she is industriously engaged in her morning's house-cleaning. The farm cottages are all of the latest design of architecture, with occasionally a mansion of no mean pretensions; a beautiful church or school building is always in sight. We are now listening to the click, click of the mowing machine as it is cutting the sweet meadow hay. The low cadencies of the auto-binders, under the control of ruddy faced farmers as they move gracefully along over the nearby fields of golden grain tend to lend still

greater enchantment to the picture of contrast that has now taken full possession of my mind. We are now nearing Cache creek, the old fording place of five years ago. We behold before us a handsome, substantial iron bridge spanning the blue waters of the dear old stream which in the opening of this country furnished me so many varied pleasures.

Comanche county has thousands of dollars in the treasury to her credit and the taxes in the grand State of Oklahoma are very low indeed. While enjoying to my heart's content this view of remarkable changes that have been wrought over this land, I am suddenly aroused by a voice hoarse and terrible, which seems to say, "all hands up!" Dropping the gun, my hands shot upwards with such force that my fingers punctured the oil-cloth covering of the hack, then as in a dream, I seemed to hear the voice of T. S. Agorbra, saying, "We are only a crowd of investors in town property in the town of Lawton," then a low muttered curse of disgust from the imaginary robbers, and as they retired I thought I could hear one saying in low angry tones, "'S-death, we are foiled and

beaten again by Uncle Sam at our own game.” My mind was in this bewildered state when I was brought suddenly to a realization of my surroundings by a rather severe shake from Mr. Brymer and heard him saying, “Here, Milam, is your boarding house.”

“Well, gentlemen, before leaving you I want you to tell me honor bright about the robbers, were we not attacked by them a little distance back?” “No,” said Frolyat, “but you must have evidently been attacked by a very acute spell of colic, we had been watching you for some time and were satisfied you were having some trouble in the latter part of your nap; but the grand climax took place when in a hilarious mood Mr. Brymer yelled: “Duncan! all hands out!””

After this explanation, I felt greatly relieved and bidding Frolyat, his friend, and Mr. Brymer good-bye, I blew a kiss through my finger tips to the much abused and burdened sack of corn in the rear end of the hack, and in a few moments more I was in my bed where I enjoyed to the full limit, my first hours of restful sleep for several nights past.

After a rest of a day or two, I shall leave for home, say about the 11th.

Devotedly,

B. J. MILAM.

An Extended Visit to Corpus Christi, Texas,  
The Beautiful Little "Epworth"  
League City" of the  
South-West.

To My Dear Little Christian Son, Ralph La-  
mar Milam.

---

FISHING ON CORPUS CHRISTI BAY.

Having long wanted to make a trip to the noted fishing grounds of Flour Bluff, and there tantalize the æsthetic appetite of the finny tribe, I was fortunate enough on May 3rd, 1904, to become a member of a party of old and tried fishermen, who were fully equipped for an outing of a few days in that particular locality. I was taken in as an honorary member through the solicitations of my friend F. J. Shade, who owns the most extensive hog ranch in all Southwest Texas. He raises exclusively the noted Mexican hog, or Javalina (ha-va-li-na) and would no doubt make a howling success in his very laudable enterprise, if it were not for the determined inconsistency of his partner in the

ranch, who persists in raising dogs (coyotes). These two animals of opposing poles in disposition, do not take to each other in a way that is conducive to the upbuilding of either industry, for when the little hogs haven't got the dogs on the run, the hogs are on the run from the dogs; and as my friend said, "There I be 'twixt the devil and the deep blue sea." I rather think my friend Shade will have to butcher his hogs, and persuade his partner to kill his dogs, and open up a hot tamale business before he will ever be able to realize on his ranch investment.

Speaking about Javalina hogs, reminds one of the miracle that Christ performed when He cast the devils into a herd of swine, whereupon they ran into the sea, and those same hogs when they ran into the sea never stopped until they reached South-west Texas; and there they have remained, and increased their breed until this day, and their name is "Legion," for thousands of them can be found in the chaparral in South-west Texas and Mexico, still containing the same old devils with all their original cunning and baseness. For there is not a crea-

ture on top side of God's green earth that these little demons are afraid of, and when a bunch of these little imps of old Nick gets a fellow on the run, it takes a good gun and unerring aim to check them in their demoniacal pursuit of their fleeing foe; and woe be unto the pursued if there is no tall timber handy in case of an emergency, for a man brought to bay by a bunch of these little devils incarnate would not last as long as a snowball in a fiery furnace.

The personnel of our party consisted of F. L. Shade, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, for the past twenty years, however, a citizen of Maryville, Missouri, who acted as chaperon, and was owner of the wagon and team, the modus operandi of locomotion on our journey, H. C. Roger-son, the chief patriarch, who laid the foundation of his fortune by vending hoop-poles and persimmons in the old Tar Heel State, and the most renowned mud cat catcher of all the Corpus Christi country, G. B. Kimball, a young gentleman (of sixty) from Jamesport, Missouri, whose fresh young mind continually dwells upon the fairest handiwork of God's creation; and Ralph, my little six-year-old son.

We left Corpus Christi at 8 o'clock, the road ran parallel with the bay shore the entire length of our journey. We passed the Alta Vista hotel building at nine o'clock. The building is one of the remaining relics of the memorable Rope's boom. It is indeed a handsome structure with its 126 rooms, finished throughout in beautiful hardwood, and built on a palatial style of architecture at a cost of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. It then stood as a sentinel over the grave of blasted hopes and anticipations, a landmark from all points of view for the mariner, occupying as it does a place upon the highest point of land contiguous to the waters of Corpus Christi Bay. It was then fast going to ruin and had never had a single guest within its doors. Its only occupants at the time we passed were a widow lady and her four children, who were using two rooms on the lower floor for light housekeeping; but the largest and finest room in the building, she utilized as a chicken roost, and no doubt it was the most expensive chicken house in the United States, or perhaps in the world. Be-

sides the immense hotel building there were several annex buildings that cost from three to six thousand dollars each; quite a number of them had been recently purchased by new-comers, remodeled, painted nicely, and then presented a pretty appearance, located as they are along the cliffs or bluffs overlooking the beautiful waters of Corpus Christi Bay. At ten o'clock, we passed Farmer Clark's, the famous South-west Texas trucker and dairyman. He was just driving his beautiful herd of registered jersey cows to pasture as we drove by. After seeing and admiring the source of the celebrated "Farmer Clark" butter, which is sold on the local market, we could not help realizing our fondness for it.

Directly after crossing what is called the Oso, we approached the much noted Flour Bluffs, our road skirted along them, and for a drive of one hour, we were within a few hundred yards of those peculiar hills. They got their name, I am satisfied, from the snowy-white sand of which they are formed, which is very fine, and at a distance and particularly so on a bright,

sunshiny day, they look like a great heap of powdered chalk or flour. Being near the bay shore, the reflection cast back from the water gives them a dazzling brightness that is really phenomenal. We arrived at Flour Bluff landing, at the entrance to the laguna, at one o'clock P. M. There we found Mr. Martin and family, of Birmingham, Ala., with the Misses Evans, Edith and Hattie, of Corpus Christi, as guests of honor, comfortably quartered in the old hotel building, a relic of the boom; but unused for the purpose for which it was constructed.

Mr. Martin is the most enthusiastic and inveterate fisherman that ever visited that section. He never failed to locate his prey in their most secret lair, and through machinations of his own conjuring, re always succeeded in getting them into his toils.

We drove to the old warehouse, only a short distance from the hotel building, which is directly on the channel, and has a wharf extending out into the channel to deep water, where Mr. Martin said fishing is always good;

there we unloaded our dunnage, prepared a hasty meal and all ate most voraciously. Soon we were casting our hooks into the waters of the channel, and the evening wound up with a good catch of hog fish and trout. Mr. Rogerson, not wanting to lose any of his prestige of past achievements, stuck strictly to mud cats, and his fame was enlarged upon greatly as he led all the gang in catching this particular variety of fish.

The appearance of the weather not being favorable, we decided to move our camp to the hotel building, where Mr. Martin with his family and friends were located. Though the building was a landmark of antiquity, we welcomed its friendly shelter with feelings of gratitude.

After a hearty supper of fish and crabs, the last mentioned dainty morsel having been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Martin, we opened a bale of hay and scattered it about over the floor upon which we made our beds. Ralph was worn out after the day's trip, and was the first to seek the seductive charms of Morpheus, and

was soon dreaming of the sea monster he would capture on the morrow. As for myself, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, I remained awake until the wee sma' hours of the morning, as it was a matter of impossibility to sleep with the three young(?) guys of the gang chattering away like a trio of excited monkeys. About 3 o'clock an electrical storm of terrific severity came up, followed by a downpour of rain. The exciting effects of the storm were somewhat eliminated when Mr. Rogerson, of gato piscaro fame, arose to remark that it rained with less judgment in Texas than in any country on earth.

We were all up and stirring by early daylight. The storm had passed away and a stiff breeze was blowing off the gulf, which is only six miles distant. There was a salty balminess in the air which was indeed delightful. Breakfast was over at 7 o'clock, and we were all off again for the laguna for another day's fishing. We cast our lines along the shore until Mr. Martin came down, then we all joined him in his boat. His usual good luck followed him,

and he carried in the finest string of fish that was caught during the morning's fishing. At night, we cast up the results of the day's sport. Ralph led the crowd with about one dozen large cat fish; he and the young ladies had also succeeded in bagging a great number of crabs. Mr. Kimball, to our surprise, in a contest with Mr. Rogerson, caught more mud cats on that particular occasion than the famous "mud catter." However, Mr. Rogerson, in order to square himself with his more successful companions, placed a silver hook of twenty-five cents' value beside six nice trout a Mexican had caught, and presto, change! the Mexicano had the dinero and the Americano had the pescaro, and thus he saved his reputation among his comrades of the trip.

The morning of the 5th found us all up at 5:30 o'clock. Arrangements were made to break up camp and start for home immediately after breakfast so as to arrive at the Oso bridge in time to try our luck there, where we anticipated a large catch from the waters at the mouth of the Oso. Everything being in

readiness, we bade our friends farewell and were off at 7:30 o'clock. We arrived at the Oso at 9:15, got our fishing tackle out and for some time tried our luck along the shore with little success. For a small sum we hired a boat from an Italian captain of a fishing smack near by, and went out on the bay several hundred yards from the shore; but again disappointment met our efforts, as we only succeeded in landing several large drum, but failed entirely in getting strikes from the wily and elusive trout.

After returning to the shore we cooked and ate our dinner, hitched up the team and pulled stakes for the last lap into Corpus Christi, where we arrived at 6 o'clock, after having spent three pleasant days along the shore of Corpus Christi Bay.

A Visit to St. Joseph and Mustang Islands  
From Corpus Christi On the Sailing  
Yacht, Moselle Read.

1904.

---

A VISIT TO ST. JOSEPH AND MUSTANG  
ISLANDS.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,  
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”  
—Shakespeare.

It is taking advantage of each golden opportunity presented in this life that makes life worth the living.

On August the 1st, I learned that I could take advantage of an opportunity presented and make a three or four days' cruise to St. Joseph and Mustang Islands on Aransas Pass Channel. Upon receiving that pleasing information I at once hied myself away to my staunch old friend, Mr. H. C. Rogerson, because it was always such a pleasure to have this solid old commoner with me, and in language befitting the seductiveness of a siren, I

laid the plans of the prospective trip before him. He assured me that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to go with me and my family.

Arrangements were made and we met at the Anderson wharf at 7:30 o'clock the following morning, where we were soon aboard the schooner, "Moselle Read," the most up-to-date pleasure boat on Corpus Christi Bay.

We weighed anchor and under a light breeze stood out to sea. When we were about two miles out on the bay I was forcibly struck with the beautiful picture the little city of Corpus Christi presents to the eyes of the beholder from that vantage point of observation, as it is snugly ensconced among the festoons of climbing vines, waving oleanders, orange, lemon and fig trees. The effulgent rays of the midsummer sun, casting their golden arrows of dazzling light over our environments, and clasping in their fiery embrace the verdant green and tropical foliage, with the broad stretch of white sand at her feet, bordered with the green, willowy salt cedars and the cliffs crowning

her fair brow in the background, gave the effect of a rare emerald setting in old gold. I was perfectly enraptured with the enchanting picture, and was never before so fascinated with the sublime beauty of the location of the little seaside city of perennial sunshine.

At 1 o'clock we had dinner and a feast royal it was; not that the menu was exhaustive, but that salty appetite to which sailing lends a degree of sharpness, which can be obtained under no other conditions, made our repast heartily enjoyed.

At 2:40 o'clock we passed out of Corpus Christi Bay and entered the dug-out. From that point on the left or mainland side, across the low-lying sand islands and intervening waters, could be distinctly seen with a field glass the boom city of Aransas Pass, whose inflated glory was of short duration, and it is now only a relic of by-gone greatness. On our right, along the gulf shore line, could be seen the sand hills of Mustang Island, about ten miles away, with the village of Tarpon located on the northern end. Viewing these sand

hills as I did on a bright, sunshiny day at that distance through glasses, they present a very fairy-like appearance. The low-lying sand flats that connect the chain of sand hills are lost sight of and the intervening space takes on the mirage appearance of water, and the hills resemble old feudal castles. The picture is completed only when skirting the horizon, and Tarpon comes before your vision, then you are transported with the heavenly loveliness of the view. It more resembles the city of Venice than anything in my imagination.

We arrived at the anchorage grounds in Turtle cove at 6 o'clock, and ran the nose of our vessel against the white sand banks which form the extreme northern end of Mustang Island. As soon as we were safely moored we all scampered away over the sands for relaxation from the day's confinement aboard the vessel.

The captain and his assistants were left to prepare supper which was announced at 7:30 o'clock, when full justice was done to the enormous dishes of fried onions, stewed Irish pota-

toes, crisp breakfast bacon, strong black coffee, pickles and numerous other good things to eat. Oh, how fortunate it is to be poor with an unimpaired digestion! The greatest blessings man is heir to in this world are good, sound digestive organs, a good cook and plenty to eat.

A walk was indulged in after supper for a mile or two down the beach, and much enjoyed by all. We returned at 10 o'clock greatly refreshed by our walk, and by 10:30 o'clock were resting in our respective couches, after having made arrangements with a young fisherman to escort us to the red fish grounds along the gulf shore early the next morning.

I occupied a cot on the forward deck of the schooner in dangerous proximity to the edge.

After retiring I lay for hours enjoying the fresh gulf breezes and admiring the beauties of the illimitable space above. It was indeed a sight intensely fascinating, with the silvery river of heaven directly over head, bordered with countless thousands of twinkling stars, sparkling, seemingly, like the eyes of angels

looking down from the throne of God on a sleeping world. While thus trying to beguile the charms of fickle Morpheus I was entertained by listening to our captain recounting his harrowing experience with a monster sea devil, called the "Scissor Tail." This same captain and I have the honor of capturing the only specimen of this wonderful marine fish that was ever seen in those waters.

Almost unconsciously I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but I was suddenly aroused from my sweet slumber by what at first I thought was a plunge head first into the gurgling waters of Turtle cove. But as I began to come to a clearer sense of my surroundings I realized the fact that great rain-drops were pattering in my face. The moon had arisen and the world was wrapped in the soft rays of fair Luna's silvery light. As I cast my eyes heavenward I caught sight of a little gulf cloud scurrying away like a mischievous child after playing a prank, and it seemed to me as it floated away, to form itself into the fantastic profile of a child's head and the face

was plainly visible, and depicted thereon was a smile of derision at my discomfort over the trick that had been played upon me.

We were all up at 5 o'clock the next morning, and were away down the beach to the red fish grounds with the young fisherman as chaperon. I spent three hours wading up and down the shore, sometimes in the surf up to my armpits and only succeeded in catching a few small fish, and I finally quit in disgust.

After returning to the vessel and partaking of a hearty breakfast I visited the life-saving station in company with Mr. R. H. Hill, who has served his time in the life-saving service of the government and retired. He showed me through the institution and explained in detail the duties of the heroic crew stationed there. He explained the uses and workings of the breeches buoy, and the reel cart, upon which the hawser runs. He also showed me the small cannon which is used for shooting a line from the shore to and over a stranded vessel, and the life car which passes as the

breeches buoy does, from the shore to the vessel, suspended on pulleys from the hawser.

From that point of interest I visited the famous Tarpon Inn, run by Mr. J. E. Cotter. I climbed three flights of winding stairway to the cupola, where I could get an unobstructed view of my surroundings. To the west lie the legion of small islands that separate Aransas and Corpus Christi bays, to the south stretches out Mustang Island for eighteen miles to Corpus Pass; to the north, across the waters of the channel, is St. Joseph Island, a ribbon of white sand reaching away to a distance of twenty-five miles; to the east is the billowy stretch of the Gulf of Mexico, presenting, then in its terrible majesty and wildest mood, the intenseness of its riotous beauty, rolling mountains high and breaking on the shore with the roar of deafening thunder, leaving a wreath of snowy white spume encircling the long stretches of the golden rims of the islands, and from that point of delectable observation presented a picture that was truly tragic and sublime. The whitecaps bursting on the bos-

om of the deep caused the thought to arise in my mind that it was washday with old Father Neptune and he was hanging out his linen and every time he would get a piece on the line the playful zephyrs would snip it off, and each failure was succeeded by a renewed effort to accomplish a never-ending task. O! it was grand indeed.

I next visited Mr. R. E. Farley, the taxidermist. He had about one dozen large tarpon mounted and ready for shipment to parties who had sought them in their native lair and had made captives of them. In that state of preservation they stood as silent witnesses and trophies to the battle royal that had been waged at the time of their capture.

After dinner my family and I crossed the channel in a small boat and spent the afternoon gathering shells along the beach of St. Joseph Island.

The next morning early my wife and I made a trip down the beach of Mustang Island to spend a half day gathering fancy shells, for which that beach is noted. We sauntered

slowly along the shimmering yellow sands for nearly three miles.

On our journey we came upon the bones of an old wreck, a large sailing scow, the "Lake Austin, of Brownsville." We stood and gazed with awe upon that silent witness of the disastrous results from the terrific fury of the angry waters when fanned into madness by the fierce southern storms.

We returned to our vessel at 12:30 o'clock, had dinner, and at 2 o'clock we weighed anchor for our return trip to Corpus Christi.

We entered Corpus Christi Bay at 4 o'clock. The wind was blowing almost a gale from the sou', sou' east and oh, what a ride we did have! Tam O'Shanter's ride was a slow coach compared to our wild ride on the "Moselle Read." The captain just shoved the tiller hard down and turned her loose, and away she sped like a white sea bird over the waters. Did you ask if there were any sick passengers aboard? For an answer ask my good friend Rogerson and my little son, Ralph, "What the wild waves were saying."

At 6 o'clock we landed at the Anderson wharf, the point of departure, after three days and two nights spent on a pleasant and instructive outing.

## A Trip Via The Gulf From Corpus Christi to Galveston, Texas. 1904.

---

### VOICE FROM THE SEA.

“Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, I fain would die a dry death.”—Shakespeare.

At the request of my old salt friend, Captain Frank Nolte, on September the 26th, 1904, I boarded his trim little schooner, the “Katie M,” outward bound from Corpus Christi, Texas, to the port of Galveston.

At last Dame Fortune had smiled on me and I was embarking upon a trip that I had ardently desired to take ever since my arrival in the beautiful southwest coast country.

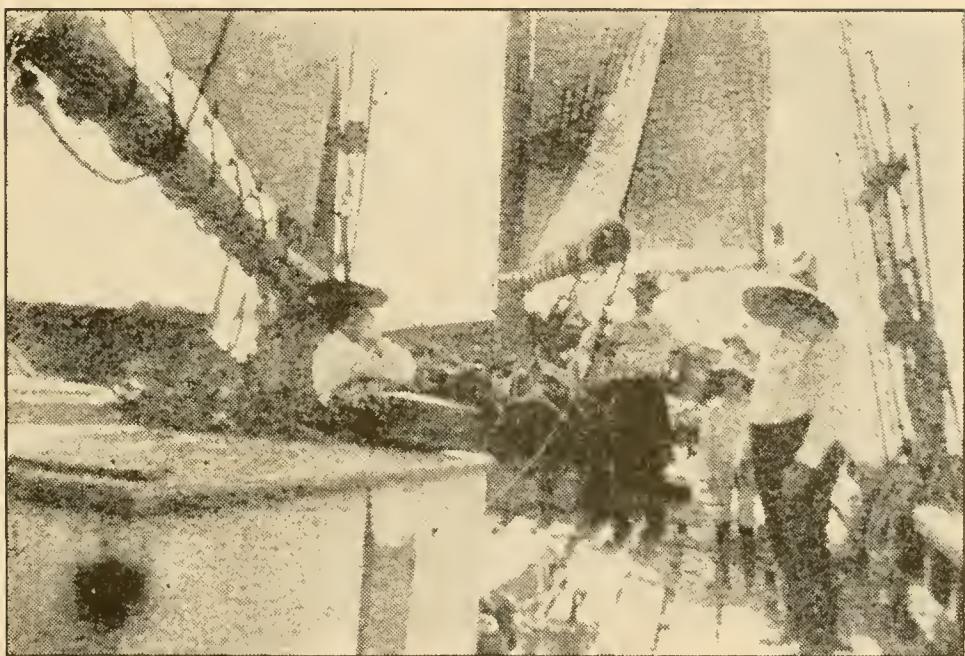
As I climbed over the railing of the vessel I was greeted by Mr. Thomas B. Southgate, one of Corpus Christi’s leading business men, who, in company with his wife and little nephew, was brooked for Tarpon Inn, on the gulf coast at Aransas Pass, where he would take a few

day's respite from business cares and listen to the music of the sea.

I was also pleased to meet Captain Fly, a retired sea pilot and ship builder, who was going to Aransas Pass to spend a few days with his old friend and colleague, Captain Mercer, the government pilot at that port of entry.

We were off at 10 o'clock A. M. Shortly after leaving the breeze almost subsided and our vessel drifted aimlessly over the glassy waters with scarcely headway enough to answer to the workings of the steering gear. Just before entering the noted channel that has so severely tried the patience and religion of every old "Salt," as well as our noble captain, we "spoke" "The Flower of France," just entering Corpus Christi Bay. She was three days out from Galveston and was loaded to the gunwale with freight. She made such a pretty picture, with all her sails spread to the freshening breeze, that I could not refrain from taking a snap-shot at her as she passed.

Just before we began the tortuous navigation of the channel to which I have referred,



Off for Galveston, Sept. 26th, 1904. Mr. and Mrs. Southgate, Captain Nolte and His Big Hat.



commonly called the "Dug-out," a fine breeze caught our sails and we went speeding along nicely until we reached Shell Banks, which point is one of the most acute turns in the channel. There, after many futile attempts to continue our journey against a "dead-head" wind and a strong current, the captain was forced to yield to the inevitable. So bringing his ship about, he cast anchor and had everything made comfortable for the night.

As soon as possible I had my fishing tackle out and was making preparations, as my beloved captain thought, to strew the deck with enormous catfish, as I had done on a former trip aboard the "Katie M." The captain remonstrated strongly against the repetition of an act that would prove a Jonah to the trip. For once the captain was most agreeably disappointed, as I soon began to pull in the most beautiful sea bass, and in a short time had a nice string landed.

Next morning (Tuesday) we were all up at 6 o'clock, breakfast was soon over, then the task of getting around the sandy point, that owing to

the direction of the wind the evening before had obstructed our passageway to the open waters of Aransas Bay, was begun. Soon, fortunately, a favorable puff of wind filled our canvas and in a few minutes our trim little vessel was skimming the emerald waters of Aransas Bay and speeding on to Rockport, where some freight had to be discharged, at which port we arrived at 10 o'clock.

I visited the magnificent Hotel Delmar and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paul B. Saurensen, owner and manager. He conducted me through the immense building to the cupola, where I obtained a delightful view of the bay and surrounding country.

I returned to the ship at 11 o'clock, as I did not want to be the cause of any delay to the captain. There we waited until 1 o'clock for two of our sailors to return. Finally a searching party was sent out for them, and when they were found and came aboard they were half drunk. However, we had a most delightful sail across the bay, and at 4 o'clock dropped anchor about three hundred yards off shore, op-

posite the Teddy Green Club House on St. Joseph Island.

While we were running out our anchor chain it parted and our large starboard anchor was lost for a while at least. Another, attached to a large hawser, was dropped and we were then, as we thought, safely moored. Mr. Southgate and family, Captain Fly and I got into the yawl, and with two sailors to handle the boat, we were soon ashore at Tarpon Inn.

After about an hour spent on shore Capt. Mercer, the harbor pilot, and I went aboard his gasoline launch and in a few minutes we were on the deck of the "Katie M," when Captain Mercer informed Captain Nolte that it would be unsafe to try to get out over the bar until there was a subsidence of the heavy seas then prevailing on the outside. In the meantime the live-saving crew, under Captain White, had come out to assist in fishing for our lost anchor. Several attempts were made to grapple it, but each attempt resulted in a failure, as the tide was so strong the grapping irons could not catch the anchor. So we had to

wait until the following morning before continuing our search.

The weather was becoming more threatening and black, stormy clouds would roll up in great billows in the east and come hurtling through the heavens, bringing upon us a down-pour of rain, and then as suddenly drift away.

We retired at 9 o'clock. About 1 o'clock I was aroused from my deep slumber by the terrific storm raging outside. I realized that the most severe storm of the night was upon us. The lightning was flashing, the thunder was reverberating through the heavens and the wind was shrieking through the rigging of our vessel, sounding as if it were the dying wails of the lost soul of the disciple of Bacchus. Our ever-watchful captain was also aroused from his light slumbers by the raging roar of the elements. My bed was made down on the floor, alongside of the captain's berth, and as he sprang from his downy couch he landed squarely on the rotundity of my Anhauser front. I uttered a Comanche war cry, the captain rebounded from the elastic contact of my

stomach and his bald head smashed with great force against the low ceiling of the cabin.

The Captain rushed upon the deck  
With a firm and mighty tread,  
The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,  
But still he kept his head.

He cried aloud, "Say! boys, say!  
The anchor chain has parted,  
And to Davy Jones' locker, our ship  
With all on board has started."

The Captain quickly, with language mild, (?)  
Enthused his sailors' sullen mien,  
And though the wind blew fierce and wild,  
Our ship was brought to anchor again.

He soon recovered himself, however, and jamming his sou-wester down on his head and shoving his arms into his slicker he made about two upward leaps and reached the deck.

While the captain's dress was rather decollete and could hardly be called conventional, as he had, in his mad rush, omitted pants, coat and shoes, still he was presentable in a manner suitable to the occasion.

He found, to his consternation, that the large hawser had either parted or the vessel was dragging her anchor. In either case she

would soon be aground on the flats towards which she was rapidly drifting. He soon had his crew, including Mike, the Mexican cook, on deck, when the 800-pound anchor, the largest the vessel carries, was heaved overboard, and our ship checked in her wild career to destruction.

After some time spent in getting things on deck in shape the captain returned to the cabin with his night attire somewhat moist, as in his first rush he had succeeded in buttoning only the top button of his slicker, and as my dear captain stood in the middle of the cabin making a necessary change of linen before again retiring, the mellifluous language he was regaling me with was almost equal to the flow of water that was dripping from his rain-soaked clothes.

At 6 o'clock Wednesday morning we were up and had coffee all round. Preparations were made to have everything in readiness to assist the life-saving crew in another attempt to recover the lost anchor. It was not long before Captain White and his crew of brave men ran

alongside our vessel and announced themselves ready for the search. Soon all the boats were out and had formed a large circle with several hundred feet of rope to which weights were attached, then the boats began drawing nearer together until finally the point was reached where the anchor lay; then the rope fortunately caught on the fluke of the anchor, and by the combined effort of all the men it was raised and put into one of the boats and was soon resting safe in its proper place on the forward deck of the "Katie M." Our captain was then happy.

After a 4 o'clock dinner I got out my tarpon tackle, and sticking the large tarpon hook through the tail of an eighteen-inch catfish, cast it overboard and it was not long before I was suddenly jerked from the chair in which I was sitting and landed violently against the railing of the vessel. I realized for the first time in my life that I had a real fish with which to deal. Straightening myself up after regaining my natural avoirdupois and bracing my feet against a cleat which was nailed to

the deck, I pulled strenuously on the line and was delighted when I saw an enormous shark jump about five feet out of the water, shake himself and take a header towards the bottom of the bay. The line slipped through my hands like blue lightning sliding down a twisted rod and just as I was thinking I would have to let him go, a slack would come in the line, I would take a longer breath and haul in on the slack again, then slowly the monster could be pulled up to the side of the vessel. The sailors were standing ready to drop a rope around the fish, when all at once the greatest animation would return to the seemingly almost inert thing and away it would go, as the old Irish woman said, "Like the very ould Nick was afther it." Finally, when my hands and patience were about worn out the man-eating devil yielded to the greater endurance of his captor, turned on his back and was pulled to where the sailors could get a rope around his body; then, with the help of all the crew, it was landed upon the deck, where in a little while new life seemed to permeate every fiber

of its body and its tail came into active service, and holy smoke! how it did thrash things about the deck! Chairs, camp-stools and loose planks were flying through the air, reminding a fellow of a little encounter with his mother-in-law. I was jubilant, for I had at last, to my intense delight, succeeded in landing a genuine man-eating shark, nearly seven feet in length and weighing nearly two hundred and fifty pounds.

The next morning early I got into the yawl and went ashore on St. Joseph Island. I spent the day in gathering shells and fishing with a throw-line along the gulf shore.

On returning to the vessel in the evening I found the "Flower of France" had cast anchor near us. She was on her way back to Galveston, but like the "Katie M," would have to lay in Aransas harbor until the high winds and tide subsided.

Next morning, Friday, the 30th, we all went ashore, where we succeeded in catching a fine string of fish and nearly a half bushel of fat crabs. Our 4 o'clock dinner would have tempt-

ed the appetite of the most aesthetic old salt that ever sailed the main.

Shortly after dark we all, except the captain, went ashore floundering. This is great sport, and much enjoyed by the disciples of Walton. This fish is almost as flat as the proverbial pancake and swims on its side along the white, sandy bottom, and has the appearance of a large black bat. Both eyes are located on one side of its head, giving it a rather hideous look. For capturing these fish we used sticks about the size and length of a broom-handle, in one end of which was firmly set a sharp-pointed spike. In one hand we held a lighted lantern, in the other hand we held the pike, as described above. Each of us had a burlap sack suspended from our shoulders in which to deposit the flounders when caught. We waded along in the shallow water near the shore and the light from our lanterns would plainly show the fish lying on the white sand; then we would make a lunge forward with the pike, and were usually successful in pinning the fish to the bottom. It

was then put into the sack of the lucky fisherman. We returned to the ship at 12:30 o'clock with thirty large flounders weighing on an average three pounds each.

About 5 o'clock next morning, October the 1st, everything was made ready for putting out to sea, as the wind had at last gotten into the "nor' west," and was blowing off shore. Our yawl boat was swung into place in the davit and in a short time Captain Mercer, the harbor pilot, ran alongside, and securing his boat in tow, came aboard to take our vessel across the bar.

As we were going through the channel we passed near the wreck of a large steamship, an old Mallory liner, which was lost with all on board the 17th of November, 1876. I could not keep down a feeling of fear as I gazed on the frame of the old wreck which told in language more impressive than words the weakness of man when brought into combat with the devastating powers of the storm god.

At 8 o'clock we passed the head of the jetties out into the open sea. Our progress was

very slow, as almost a dead calm prevailed. The light land breeze having no effect upon the incoming heavy swells of the ocean, our vessel rolled and wallowed along in the heavy seas all day. The sails were flapping and swinging from side to side, the rigging was creaking and groaning, sounding like the limb of a tree rubbing against the comb of a haunted house on a stormy night. My usual happy cast of countenance had taken on a sad, woe-begone expression which is only successfully duplicated by a boy's first experience with a cigar or a quid of old, stingy green. I had made a solemn vow that before I would let the captain or his sailors know I was sea-sick I would hurl myself into the glassy depths of the ocean. Once when the captain saw me clap both hands to that region of my anatomy which was retching in awful attempts to dislodge not only my breakfast, but was reaching down after the holes in my socks, he asked, "Milam, are you sick?" In a very much injured tone I answered, "No, I have chronic heart disease and I am now troubled with a slight

attack." To this statement the captain replied, "Shiver my timbers! I will everlastinglly be dad-swizzled if ever I saw any living man or dead ghost that had his heart located so far down toward the regions of his stomach."

As the evening shades began to close around us a spanking breeze filled our sails, our vessel ceased rolling and that fearful feeling of nausea which had held me a victim throughout the day passed off, and when the time came for retiring I made my bed down upon the hatch and the darkness threw her sombre folds around me, the twinkling stars lighting up the sable countenance of night, kept vigil o'er me while I yielded to the soothing charms of sweet repose. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, oh, how sweet the feeling of peace as my restful mind drifted like the mists of heaven through the illimitable wonders and beauties of dreamland! The ship's watch aroused me at 2 o'clock to show me the Pass Cavallo light twenty miles away, throwing its shafts of light through the shrouded veil of darkness like the ceaseless

whirl of a flashing planet revolving around its orbit.

At 6 o'clock Sunday morning we were all up. A more perfect day I never saw; it was truly God's day. The sun was shining brightly, the balmy breezes were fanning our cheeks and filling our lungs with the rejuvenating ozone of the salt air. The wind being nor' by nor'-west, the sails filled to their utmost capacity, and our little ship settled down to a steady rate of speed towards Galveston. All day we skirted along Matagorda Island, some forty miles off shore. Our hearty old captain and his excellent wife were both born on that island and twice came very near losing their lives in terrific storms that each time swept the island entirely destitute of every living creature, excepting those like the captain and his wife, who were saved from a watery grave by taking refuge in the tallest and stanchest old salt cedars. Captain Nolte was sick in the hospital at Galveston when that awful storm of 1900 partially destroyed that ill-fated city; but, like the true hero he is, he went to the res-

cue of his more unfortunate brother, and was the agent through whom our Heavenly Father preserved the precious lives of several human beings from a horrible fate that thousands of others were doomed to meet.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the captain called my attention to the reflection of the electric lights of Galveston. We were nearly thirty miles from the city, so the captain reckoned, but we could see distinctly the flood of light reflected in the heavens. It vividly brought to my mind the lights of the Aurora Borealis or Northern lights as they are sometimes called. This beautiful sight I often witnessed with delight when I was a boy in Dakota.

As we neared the harbor of Galveston we were continually passing in the semi-darkness of the midnight hour curious objects of ghostly appearance and hearing strange noises, of which the most thrilling was the siren song of the whistling buoy.

At 1 o'clock Monday morning, October the

3d, we cast anchor in the channel opposite the State Quarantine Station.

We all turned in and slept soundly until aroused by the health officer at 7 o'clock. That State dignitary, and as the captain says, "nuisance," boarded our vessel and had the captain to show his tongue, which had become to some extent coated with the dark brown language he used when discussing with me the actions of his two ill-natured and mutinous sailors.

The sucking of the public teat, with a grand flourish, issued a clean bill of health to the captain and pocketing the coin of the realm tendered him for an imaginary service, cast a withering glance of contempt at the captain and me to more fully impress upon us the utter insignificance of our position and the importance of his.

Whereupon he scrambled over the side rails of our trim little schooner, dropped into his dinghy and was quickly on his way to hold up some other poor sea-faring man and order him to stand and deliver.

In a few minutes our canvas was all spread to the early morning's breeze, and we were soon gliding into the slip at the foot of Eighteenth street.

I quickly donned my Sunday togs and in a short time was seated in a near-by restaurant engaged in devouring a large portion of the latter end of a fat Texas steer served with onions, Saratoga chips and other tantalizing garnishments on the side. I let out a couple of reefs in my belt, and the remainder of that juicy steak would not have made an evening's lunch for an invalid Galveston mosquito.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

---

TO MY DARLING SISTER,  
MRS. BELL M. LINING,  
AND  
MY DEAR LITTLE CHRISTIAN DAUGH-  
TER,  
RUTH LINING MILAM.

---

On June the 7th, at 8:30 o'clock P. M., 1905, I left Jacksonville, Florida, for Lufkin, Texas, and from there to go to Portland, Oregon, to attend the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and to visit other western points of interest. In going to Texas I passed through Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas. As our train sped through the old town of Resaca, Ga., I could almost imagine I could hear the dying echoes of the musketry and the moaning decadences of the booming cannon of Sherman and Johnston, when the chivalric sons of the South met in mortal combat with the no

less patriotic ones of the North, and waged there one of the hottest fights of that unhappy struggle.

Our iron steed went flying on through tunnels, past beautiful landscapes, and over bridges. From our car window, I caught a pleasing view of Kennesaw and Lookout Mountains; but again a feeling of sadness stole over me when before my eyes was spread the old battle ground of Missionary Ridge; and before my imaginative vision arose thousands of the spirits of the heroes of the blue and the grey, who, upon that fated spot, sacrificed their lives in what each thought was a righteous and a just cause.

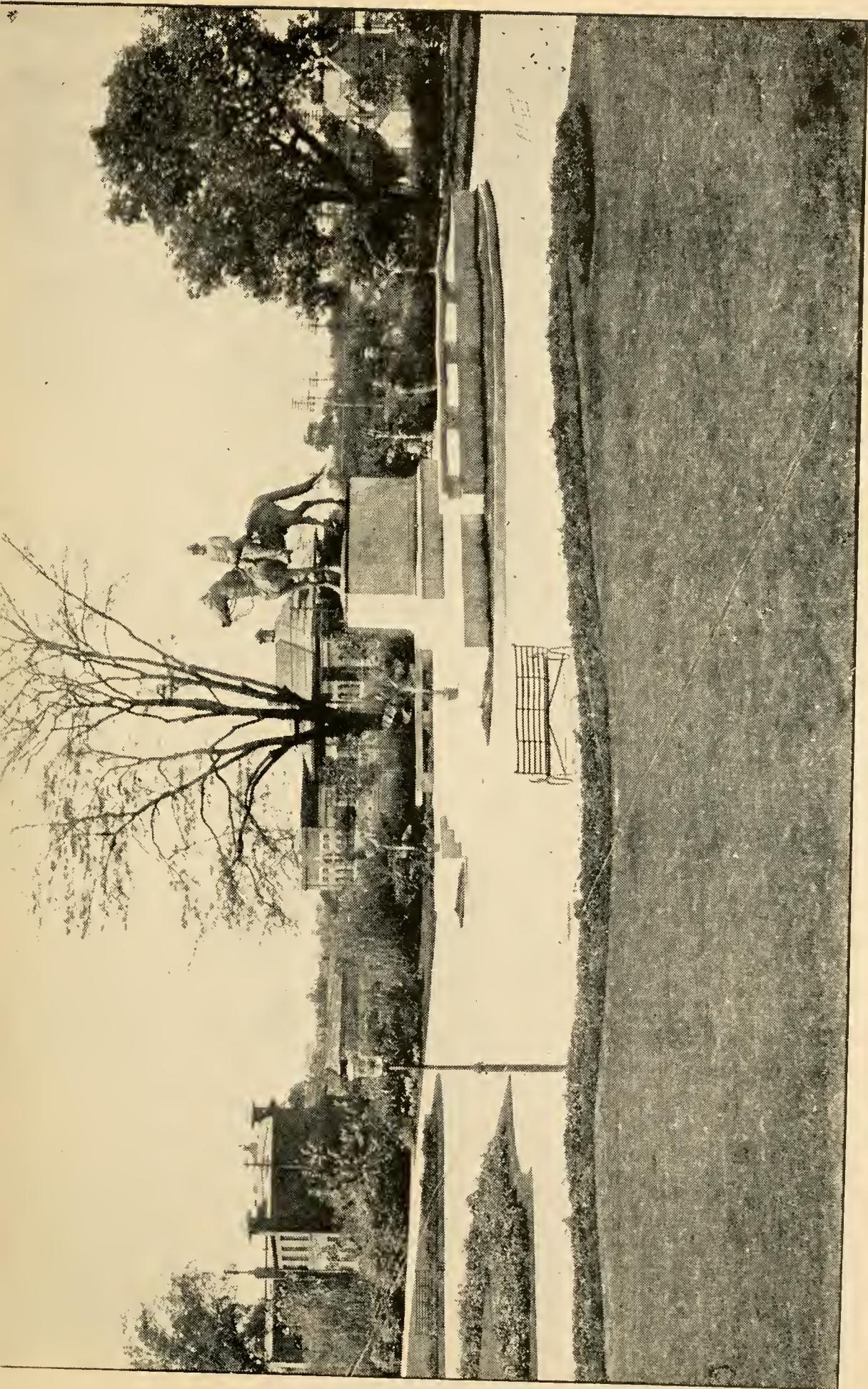
On to my "Old Kentucky Home," where the skies are the bluest, the waters the clearest and purest, where the birds sing the sweetest, and whose daughters are the fairest of any spot on God's Earth.

After a day and a half's stop with my sister, Mrs. Lining, of Fulton, Ky., I turned Texasward via Memphis, at which place I stopped one day, and visited all the points of interest in and contiguous to that old Southern city. The

point of the greatest interest to me was Forrest Park, where only recently had been erected and dedicated by the now fast disintegrating old Confederate veterans the N. B. Forrest equestrian statue, the most perfect and beautiful one of the kind I have ever seen. My beloved old father, Thomas R. Milam, who is now nearing his eighty-first mile-stone, served as surgeon under that intrepid cavalryman; therefore as I stood in the shadow of the bronze statue, a feeling of the most hallowed veneration possessed my soul, and I instinctively raised my hat in reverence to the great chieftan and the cause which he so bravely, but hopelessly defended. The following I copied from one of the numerous inscriptions upon the marble base:

“Those hoof beats die not upon fame’s crimson sod,  
But will ring through her song and her story;  
He fought like a Titan and stuck like a God,  
And his dust is our ashes of Glory.”

I reached Lufkin, Texas on the 14th, where I spent ten days mingling with old friends, and on the 24th purchased a ninety days return



N. B. Forrest Statue, Memphis, Tenn.



ticket for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, Portland, Oregon, via Houston, Fort Worth, Texline, Colorado Springs, Denver, Green River, on through Idaho to Portland, and back via Southern Pacific Ry. to Lufkin, the point of starting; thereby completing a loop of about nine thousand miles, that is, including side trips made. The night of the 24th at 9 o'clock, I boarded the H. & T. C. train in Houston for Fort Worth. Though I passed through Central Texas at night I had no regrets, as I had traveled over that part of Texas before, and I much preferred having a daylight run through the greatest cattle ranch country of the world; that is, that part of Texas lying between Fort Worth and Texline, and is generally known as the Panhandle.

At 6 o'clock A. M., at Ennis, I changed on to the Fort Worth branch of the H. & T. C. That is indeed a beautiful country; it is one vast expanse of undulating prairies dotted with clusters of forest trees. The green sward of meadows and waving corn, intermingled with the golden wheat stubble, flecking the landscape with hues of gold, made a picture that was in-

deed lovely. I arrived at Fort Worth at 8:15 o'clock, and left for Denver on the Fort Worth and Denver Ry. at 9:45 o'clock A. M. I certainly can say that is one among the most pleasing trips that can be made in any part of the great State of Texas. Around Fruitland, the famous fruit section of North-west Texas, I saw the finest apples I had ever seen in the State. On through Wichita Falls, Childress, and the noted Goodnight cattle ranch, where by crossing the Bison and the Black Angus cattle, is produced what is called the Catalo, which are the greatest flesh producers known to the world. It is no uncommon occurrence for them to reach the enormous weight of twenty-five hundred pounds and often more.

At 5:30 o'clock A. M., the 26th, we passed Grande Station, New Mexico, where is located the most extensive sheep ranch of all the country. From that point is to be had a splendid view of Grande Mountain and Mt. Capaline. We crossed the line between Colorado and the Territory of New Mexico at 7 o'clock, at what is known as The Gap, made famous by "Billie, The Kid" during his reign of terror in the West.

Off to the east spreads out before the eyes a most magnificent valley dotted with thousands of sheep. We passed Spanish Peak at 9 o'clock, and arrived at Colorado Springs at 1 o'clock A. M., a beautiful city of about twenty thousand population, located at the foot of Pike's Peak, and next to Pueblo from a commercial point of importance, the best town between Fort Worth and Denver, and the most popular resort on the eastern slope of the Rockies. We arrived at Denver, the metropolis of the plains, at 3:15 o'clock, where I caught the Union Pacific "Flyer" for Green River, Wyoming.

At 5 o'clock A. M., the 27th, I awoke almost frozen. We had passed Cheyenne and also Sherman, the highest point between Omaha and Ogden, and were skipping along on a down grade from an elevation of about 8,500 feet. I was then fully engulfed by the mighty Rockies, and through the rifts of the light of a new day I could discern the spectral outline of the snow capped peaks as their hoary pinnacles pointed heavenward, catching the first shaft of purple golden light from the great orb of day.

We arrived at Green River at 8:45 o'clock A. M., a very picturesque little town, surrounded by low lying foot hills of the Rockies. I got a snapshot of Castle Rock and Man's Face Rock, two of the natural curiosities of the place.

There we took the Oregon Short Line that runs through Idaho to Portland. Shortly after leaving Green River, our train entered quite a large valley and a beautiful vision caught my eyes, and held me enraptured. Fifty miles to the south, in the northern part of Utah, could be distinctly seen the snowy range of the Rocky Mountains, a picture so gorgeous that the power of the descriptive brain of man fails totally to portray the beauty and sublimeness of the panorama spread out before the eyes of the delighted beholder. Soon we crossed the Wyoming and Idaho State line, and passed the prosperous little Mormon town of Montpelia. For several hours our run was down Bear River Valley, a splendid agricultural section, watered by irrigation. At Bancroft we left Bear River Valley, and entered Portiff River Valley, which is a smaller stream, and a much narrower valley, but very productive and picturesque. We



astle Rock, Green River, Wyoming.

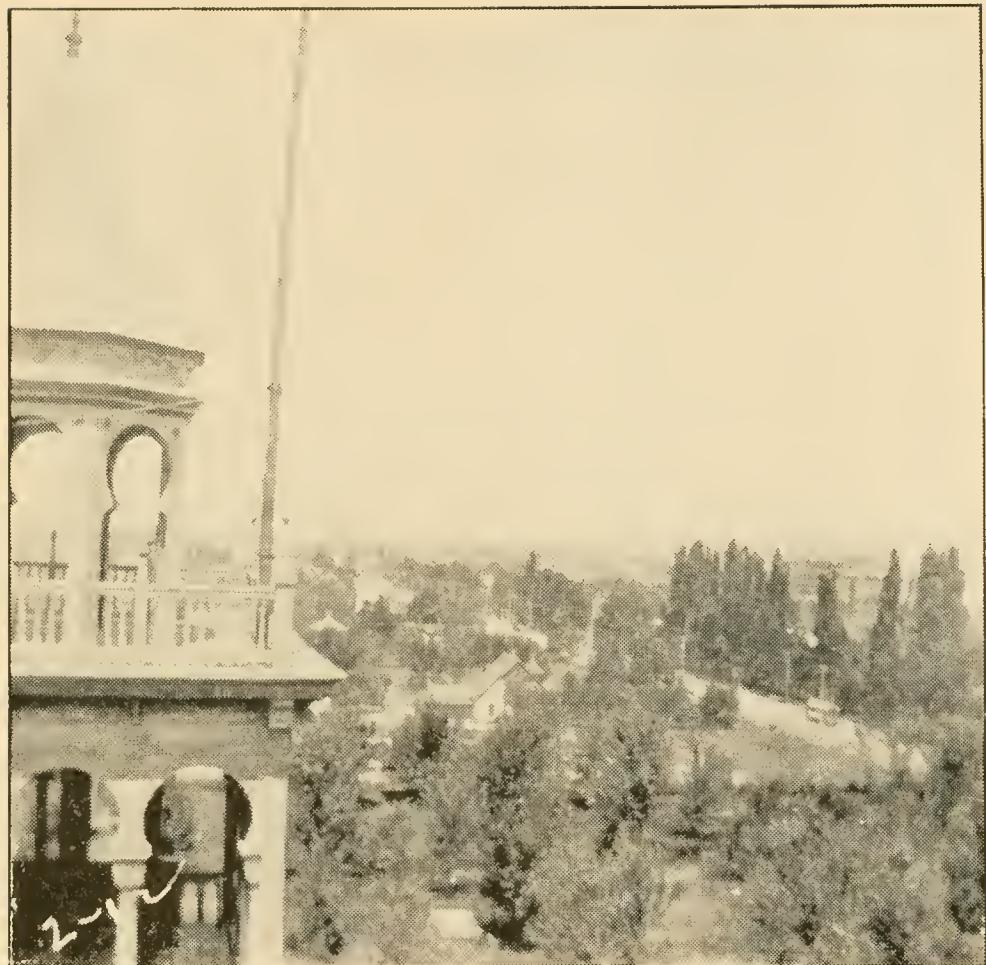


arrived at Pocatello, the great city of the desert, at 4 o'clock P. M. From there on to Shoshone is the most bleak, dreary, and desolate section of all the North-west. We arrived at Nampa, Idaho, at 12:45 A. M., where I caught the train for Boise, the capital of the State. I arrived there at 1:45 A. M., and secured nice accommodations at the Pacific Hotel. At seven o'clock in the morning, I was out on the streets taking in the sights of the lovely little city. I went out to the Hot Springs where is located the neatest little natatorium I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. I ascended the cupola of the building by a winding stairway; from that point of observation, I secured a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. The Boise River winding along in and out among the foot hills of the mountains, and the city lying at my feet, bathed in the glorious sunshine of that mountain region presented to my eyes a picture that was sublime in its beauty; the expanse of irrigated valley, stretching away to the south-west, with its great fields of verdant alfalfa, and acres upon acres of splendid orchards, made a beautiful emerald

setting for the yellow sands of the desert. In the afternoon I visited the Ada county court house, and also the State capitol building. I had the pleasure of meeting Governor Goodwin and his secretary, Mr. Elmer. After spending the day pleasantly in that little Gem City of the West, I boarded the 5 o'clock train back to Nampa, a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. I visited the Knights of Pythias Lodge, Nampa No. 37, while waiting for the west bound train, and will say that I was, as is the custom with brothers of the order, treated royally while a guest of their Castle Hall.

After going out again upon the streets I was impressed by the exceedingly lengthy twilight of the country, where the elevations are so great. While writing a letter to my little daughter, Ruth, I looked at my watch and noted the time, which was 10 o'clock P. M., and still light enough to write or read without the aid of artificial light.

I caught the westbound train at 12:30 A. M. We arrived at Bakers City, Oregon, at 5 o'clock A. M., the 29th, altitude 6,000 feet. The city is surrounded by snow-capped peaks of the Blue



City of Boyce, Idaho, From Cupalo of Natatorium.



Mountains, and is distinctly a mining town. We arrived at Umatilla at 1:30 o'clock P. M. This town, like Pendleton, is in the semi-arid section of eastern Oregon, and to the casual observer the question arises, What can support cities of the pretensions of the two mentioned? Shortly after leaving Umatilla I obtained my first view of the wonderful Columbia river, and though the hills have a dry, bleak appearance, both on the Washington and Oregon sides of the river, here and there could be seen great fields of waving, golden wheat just ripening for the harvest, and along the railway at frequent intervals were immense wheat warehouses, showing conclusively that bumper crops are raised in that part of the West.

At one of the little stations a tall, cadaverous, bronzed-faced young Westerner boarded the train bound for Portland. He secured a seat by me, and we soon entered into conversation. I was very inquisitive and pumped him severely with questions pertaining to that particular part of Oregon. I finally asked him if water was not very scarce. He said, "Yes, it

generally is, but fortunately I have water pretty handy." "Ah!" I rejoined, "perhaps you have a well." "No," he replied, "I haul it." "How far do you have to haul your water?" I asked. "Only fourteen miles," he answered. "Gee whiz!" I exclaimed, "why don't you dig a well?" "Damn the difference, stranger," he said, "it is just the same distance to water either way, and I had just a leetle rather haul it."

We arrived at Portland, the wonderful city of the Pacific Slope, at 5:25 o'clock P. M. I secured a room temporarily at the Deakum Homestead, on Thirteenth street, and after a bath, I sought my bed, and soon succumbed to the alluring charms of sleep. The following morning I went out in search of a room for permanent occupancy during my stay in the "Fair City," and secured a lovely room, corner Twenty-third and Thurman streets, three blocks from the fair grounds, from Mr. Robt A. Preston, a leading druggist and citizen of the city. He is a young man and a citizen of Portland for only five years, but nevertheless represents his ward in the city council.



My First View of The Great Columbia River, Eastern Oregon. The Mountains Across The River Are in The State of Washington.



After securing my room I next visited my young friend, Mr. Frank Rich, a former Texan and fellow-townsman, of Lufkin.

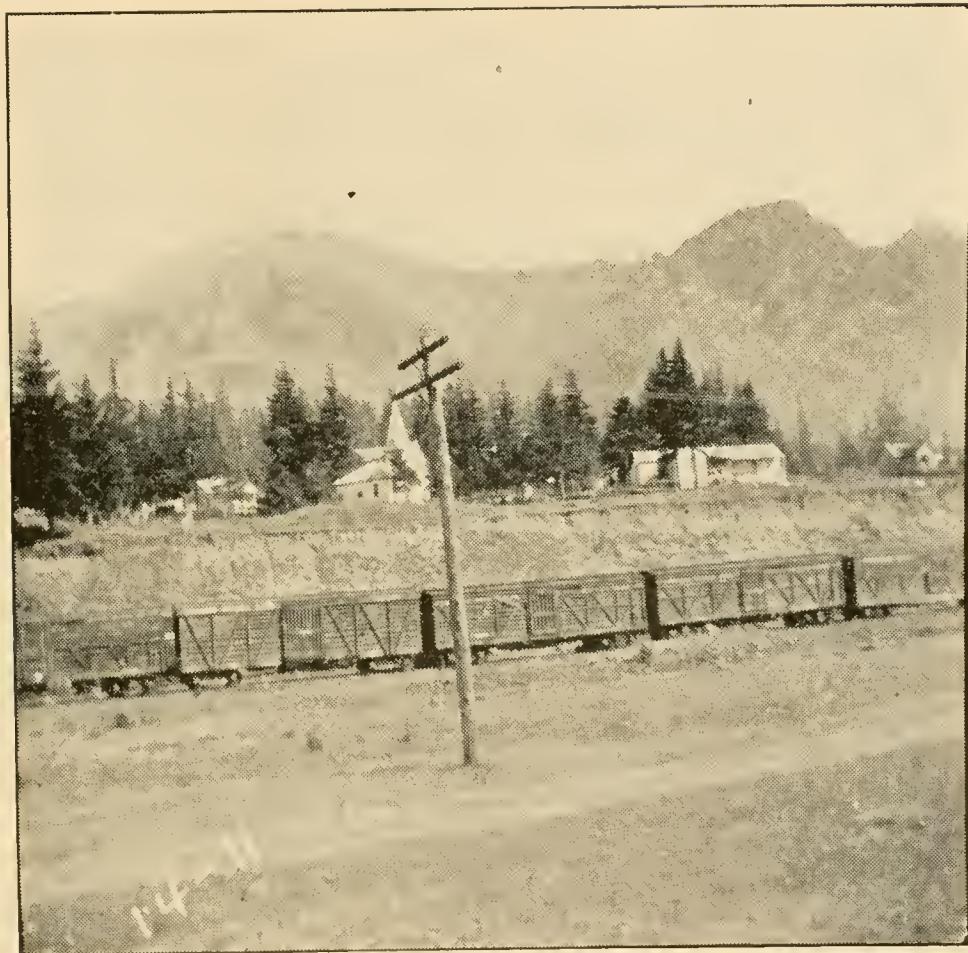
The remainder of my first day in the Rose Garland City I spent on Portland Heights, taking a delightful view from the mountains overshadowing the city. Looking northeast from that elevation, along the Willamette river, was decidedly the most beautiful piece of scenery I had found on my trip. In fact, Portland is the most picturesque and beautiful city on earth; the scenic effects found there are one grand galaxy of bewitching changes. It is the sparkling gem of rarest brilliancy in the jeweled crown of nature.

July the 1st I spent in the grounds of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, visiting the points of greatest interest, and incidentally, seeing the sights along the "Trail." My head was in a whirl the whole day through, caused from the dazzling and wonderful scenes presented on every hand. It was truly a visit to "Fairy Land," an opportunity of a life-time, a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure.

While mingling among that throng of hu-

manity I had the good fortune of meeting my old Corpus Christi friend, George Grim, who, like myself, was rubber-necking at the sights in "Gay Paree." But, dear George, this is all on the Q. T., and I trust that you will forever keep inviolate the details of the trip we had together, as hand in hand, we lost ourselves in the maze of wonderful happenings while marching, foot-sore and weary, over the "Trail."

On Government Island I found what I believe to be the most interesting subject of all the Northwestern country; that is, the totem poles which were secured from the totem Indians of Alaska, especially for the Lewis and Clark Exposition, and they were secured only through the influence of our National Government, which pledged for them the most absolute protection and that they should be returned at an agreed time in as perfect condition as they were received. The posts upon which totems are carved are called by our North American Indians totem poles. In the picture which I took while on my Western trip, and reproduced here in a half-tone cut, is shown the totem poles of several tribes of our Alas-



A Typical Little Mountain Town in Eastern Oregon.



kan Indians, who yet cling to totemism, and claim that a kinship exists between their totem animal and themselves. Each carved section of the totem pole represents an ancestral clan totem, as it often occurs that a single clan will have several totem animals. A totem is a natural object or a class of natural objects, and in nearly every instance is an animal, such as deer, bear, lion, tortoise and sometimes a bird, as the buzzard or eagle. A clan totem is common to a whole clan, passing by inheritance from generation to generation.

Totemism is both a religious and a social system. In a religious way it consists of protection and respect between the man and his totem. In a social way it consists of the relations of the clansmen to each other, and to members of other clans. They believe they are descended from their totem animal, therefore they treat it with the greatest respect, and until driven to desperate straits they will not eat of any animal which is a part of their totem; because it would be the same as eating of their own bodies. It often occurs that certain tribes hold their totem in such holy awe

that they are not allowed to look upon it or touch it, but cases of this kind are rare.

The more respect a clansman shows his totem, the more protection he expects to get in return, and when the charm seems to be failing, in order to get in caste again with his totem, the clansman dresses himself in skins, or feathers like his totem, or tattooes a picture of his totem usually on his forehead. Moqui Indians, believing that their ancestors were rattlesnakes, deer, bears, etc., consequently believe that when they die that each man according to his clan becomes a rattlesnake, deer or bear, according to his totem.

The special sex totem is the most sacred of all totems; for example, the women of some of the tribes will have the owl with its sepulchral voice for their totem, and if a man kills an owl the women become enraged to a point bordering on madness, and attack the offending male with murderous intent, in defense of their totem which is so sacred to their sex, and if a woman should kill a bat, the men would beat the slayer of their sex totem even unto death. Among some tribes it is not only



Alaskan Indian Totem Poles, Lewis and Clark  
Exposition.

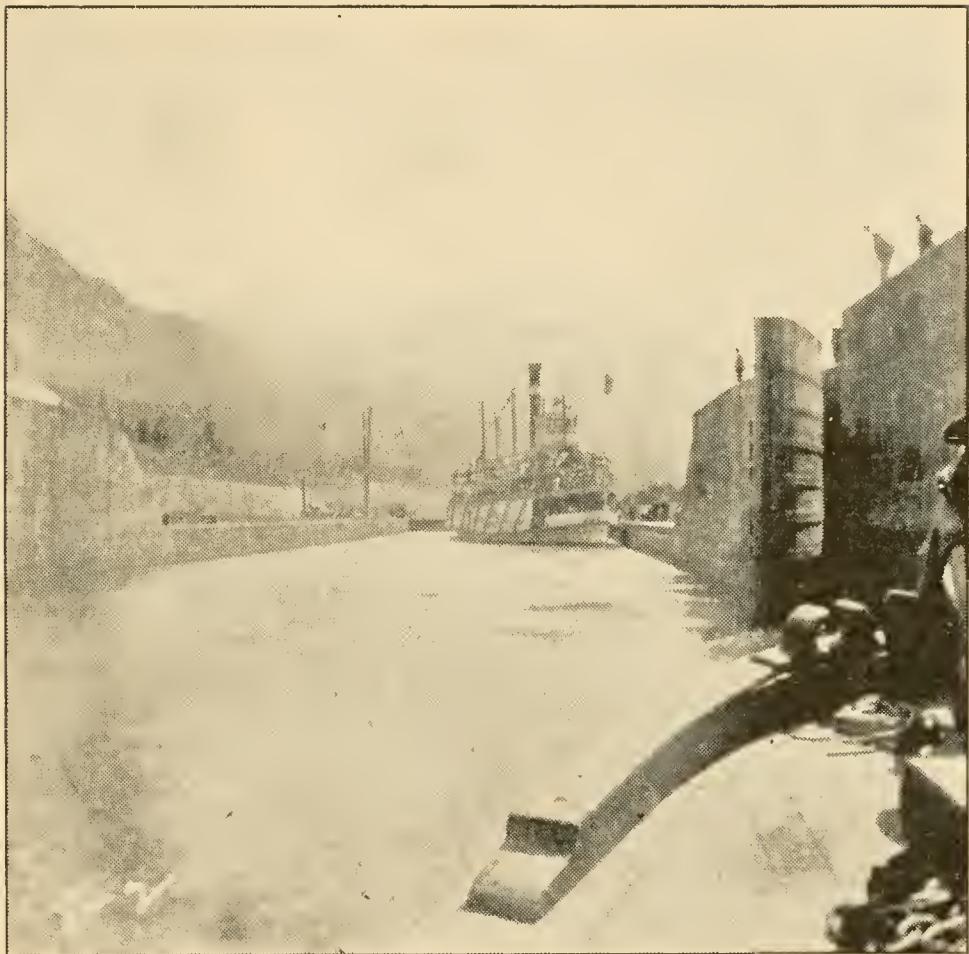


the sexes and clans that have totems, but it often occurs that individuals have them; but at the death of the individual the totem ceases, which shows the vast difference between the ancestral or clan and the individual totem. Among some tribes of the American Indians, the way they have of arriving at their individual totem, is when the youth is going through the crucial fast of puberty, which is a cruel custom practiced by the North American Indians, the animal or bird of which he dreams first is his totem. In descent the children belong to the totem tribe of the mother, a man of one totem clansman cannot marry into his own clan; it is a law so strict that a penalty of death is often attached. In regard to the diffusion of totemism in North America, it prevailed throughout the tribes of Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, and among all the Indians on the North-west coast, except the Eskimos, as far south as the United States frontier. This belief is not found among any of the tribes of Washington or North-western Oregon; but nearly all the Alaskan Indians are followers of totemism. In regard to the

antiquity of totemism it is said by the greatest men of scientific research and investigation, that it was practiced by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Latins. And Sayce in his most elaborate dissertation on his research into the question, claims to have found evidences of the existence of totemism among the ancient Babylonians. However, it is generally agreed that the true origin of totemism is entirely hidden in mystery.

Sunday morning, July the second, dawned bright and clear, there was a rejuvenating balminess in the air that brought a youthful flush to the cheeks of the aged, and gave to all living creatures a new lease of life.

While the morning was still young, I wended my way to the steamboat landing on the Willamette River, and went aboard the beautiful steamer "G. C. Spencer," which was to take an excursion party eight miles up the scenic Columbia River to the Cascade Locks. The master of the beautiful steamer, Captain J. Allyn, I found to be a courteous, pleasant gentleman, and had under his watchful care on the trip 350 passengers. We were treated as



Cascade Locks, Columbia River.



if we were one great family, and our kind captain fathered the crowd in a manner that did him credit. He did his very best to have every one enjoy the day, and as for myself I will say that never in life, did ten hours of delightful sunshine slip so pleasantly through the hour-glass of time. We left Portland at eight o'clock, and after an hour's run down the Willamette, we entered the Columbia River. At ten o'clock, we made a landing at Vancouver, Washington, for the purpose of discharging some freight; we made no other stops between that place and the Locks, where we arrived at 2:30 o'clock, passed through and immediately turned about for our homeward voyage. The morning's trip had been one of ever changeful scenes to the hundreds of delighted passengers, and every one would occasionally give way to uncontrollable ecstacies of the soul, as the beauties of the trip unfolded before their eyes. Homeward bound, there seemed a quietness to steal over all, a relaxation as it were, to the overstrained energies of the mind to grasp in all its fullness the stupendous grandeur of the beauties with which we were

surrounded. And as the sun was drawing near the horizon of the west, a grand panorama of nature's most elaborate and changeful poses was spread before us. About us stretched the radiant arch of the sky like a great translucent blue pearl, the snow capped peaks of Mount Hood, St. Helen, Adams, and Ranier, in their hoary and magnificent grandeur, were flashing the colors of pink and orange and crimson as the scintillating rays of sunlight leaped from peak to peak. In the limpid waters of the swift flowing Columbia were reflected the foothills of the mighty Rockies, clothed in their verdant suit of green. Multnomah and Bridal Veil Falls could be seen leaping from the brow of the cliffs, spreading in a veil of snowy whiteness, and reflecting all the hues of the rainbow, as they tumbled hundreds of feet in a mass of froth, and were caught up in the mighty Columbia and borne away to the great ocean. It was a picture fit for the eyes of the gods to feast upon, and one that was blended with an awe-inspiring enchantment that is far beyond the power of man to describe. At 6:15 o'clock

P. M., we landed back in Portland, with a satisfied feeling that God's holy Sabbath had been spent profitably as well as spiritually; for in truth I felt that I had been nearer God that day than I had ever been.

Monday I spent some time in selecting and purchasing souvenirs for the home folks so far away. I also made a trip up on Portland Heights, to again drink in the beauties of the "Rose City" from that the most favored point of observation.

On July 4th—the natal day of our country, when Young America sallies forth with pompous pride of the place that he fills in his country's greatness, and in the morning's early glow proceeds to make life miserable for the canine family and the "Oserlites"—at nine o'clock I again entered the fair grounds to spend the day. All the State buildings were points of great interest, especially the California State building which had the most complete and magnificent exhibit of all the States. There I found a mammoth elephant made of English walnuts, a miniature State capitol building made of almonds, a huge grizzly bear,

standing erect, about seven feet in height, made of silver prunes, a camel made of peanuts, and a grand display of horticultural and mineral products.

At 12 o'clock I crossed the Bridge of Nations over to Government Island; the soldier boys were out on their campus, firing the Fourth of July guns. I found the Government display to be something grand indeed. The Fisheries Exhibit was the most interesting to me perhaps from the fact that I am a strong devotee of Sir Izack Walton.

The grounds at the dinner hour furnished a study in human nature with which one rarely meets. Thousands were busily engaged in arranging luncheons on the grass covered lawns in the shade of the towering walls of the buildings. Tired children, worn out, and hungry after the morning's hours spent in chasing the will-o-the wisp of youthful desires, were prone upon the ground in proximity to the groaning baskets of good things to eat, wailing and imploring for a lion's share of the menu. The restaurant grafters, strong-lunged and with ready speil, stood in front of their respective



Foreign Building, Lewis and Clark Exposition.



deadfalls, and descended in thundering tones to the famishing crowd the many choice viands to be found at a price commensurate with the purse of all. Finally the multitude was served, and then a rush was made to the "Trail" to see the daring one-legged bicycle rider Kilpatrick do the act of riding down the dizzy heights of the shoot the chute; but the most foolhardy act of the daring feats performed, I think, was the one where the shoot the chute was made in boats, down an inclined track of about three hundred feet; when within ten or fifteen feet of the water the end of the track or flume in which the hazardous run was made, the boat, laden with its complement of passengers, usually ten or twelve, made a leap sheer into Guild Lake, and skimmed through the water perilously near swamping. These and hundreds of other exciting performances of similar nature kept the rubber necking "Rube" continuously on the jump. I was greatly surprised to find located among the grafters assembled along the thoroughfare the famous Homer Davenport, the world's greatest cartoonist, who is a resident of Silverton, Oregon.

At nine o'clock at night, a most magnificent display of fireworks was given from the Government life-saving station; there were thousands gathered upon the Bridge of Nations to witness the glorious pyrotechnic treat. It was nearly twelve o'clock before I left the grounds, after having spent a Fourth of July that will always be remembered as one among the brightest days of my life.

The following day I gave over to seeing several places of interest in and near the city. I went out to Mt. Tabor, Mountaville, Mt. Scott, and St. Johns—the latter place is sixteen miles from Portland. Nearly the entire day was spent in company with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. S. Woods of Stockton, California, whom I found to be most congenial and entertaining.

July the 6th, Sacajawea day at the fair, was one of the historical features of the great Exposition, when everybody manifested the greatest interest in the unveiling and dedication of the bronze statue of the brave Indian woman, Sacajawea, who piloted the explorers Lewis and Clark to that country, the garden spot of North America. This bronze tribute to the



Bridge of Nations, Lewis and Clauk Exposition.



memory of one of the children of the western wilderness, represents also the indomitable energy of the ladies of Oregon in their successful efforts in raising the funds for the laudable purpose of erecting the statue. At two o'clock a great assembly of people was gathered about a platform erected just at the head of the Grand Stairway overlooking Guild Lake below. The unveiling services were opened by Rev. Anna H. Shaw. An address was delivered by the Hon. H. W. Goode, President of the Board of Managers of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, followed by the most famous woman there is to-day in America, Susan B. Anthony, in an address on "Woman and Discovery." Miss Anthony is now 84 years of age, but a power behind the throne in the councils of women of this country. Mrs. G. H. Pettinger recited the beautiful poem "Sacajawea," written by Bert Hoffman, editor of the "Eastern Oregonian," published at Pendleton, Oregon.

## SACAJAWEA (THE BIRD WOMAN)

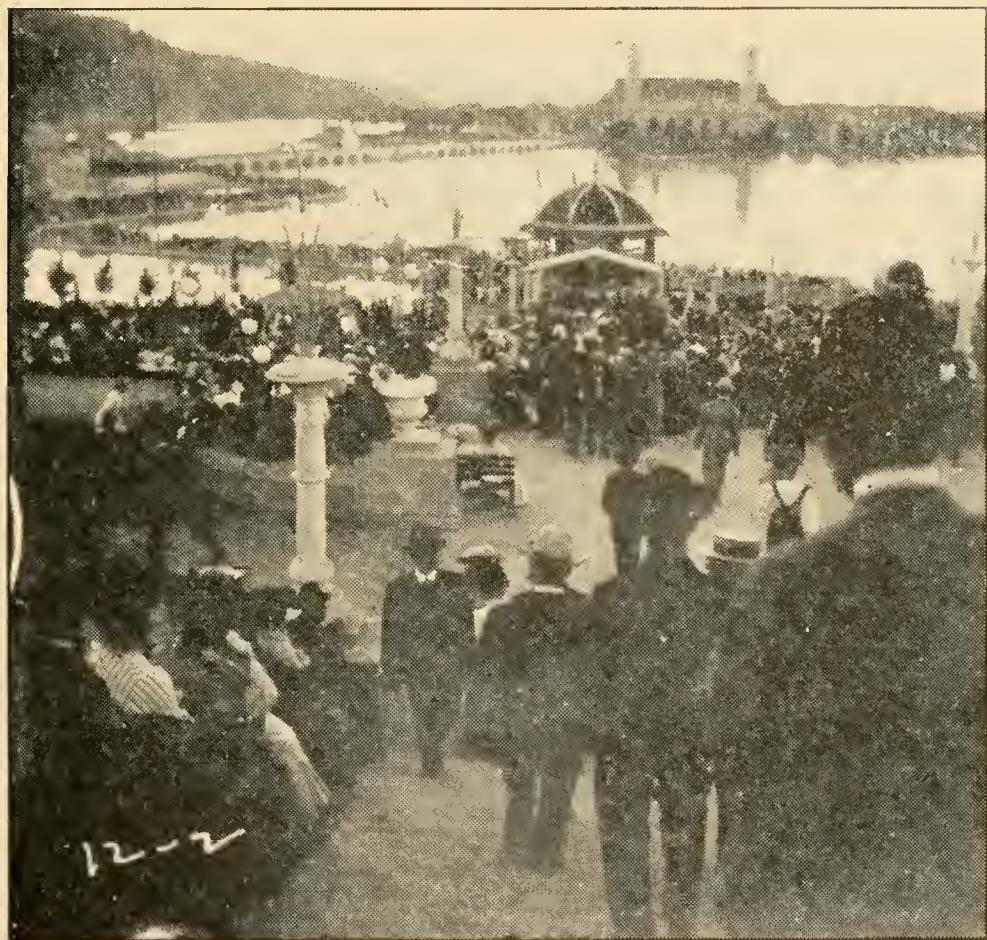
---

“ Behind them toward the rising sun  
The traversed wilderness lay—  
About them gathered—one by one  
The baffling mysteries of their way:  
To westward, yonder, peak on peak  
The glittering ranges rose and fell—  
Ah, but among that hundred paths,  
Which led aright? Could any tell?

Brave Lewis and immortal Clark!  
Bold spirits of that best crusade,  
You gave the waiting world the spark  
That thronged the empire-paths you made!  
But standing on that snowy height,  
Where westward yon wild rivers whirl,  
The guide who led your hosts aright  
Was that barefoot Shoshone girl!

You halted in those dim arcades—  
You faltered by those baffling peaks—  
You doubted in those pathless glades,  
But ever, ever true she speaks!  
Where lay the perilous snows of Spring,  
Where streams their westward course forsook,  
The wildest mountain haunts to her  
Were as an open picture-book!

Where'er you turned in wonderment  
In that wild empire, unsurveyed,  
Unerring still, she pointed west—  
Unfailing, all her pathways laid!  
She nodded toward the setting sun—  
She raised a finger toward the sea—  
The closed gates opened, one by one,  
And showed your path of Destinyl



12-2  
Grand Stairway.



The wreath of Triumph give to her;  
She led the conquering captains west;  
She charted first the trails that led  
The hosts across yon mountain crest!  
Barefoot she toiled the forest paths,  
Where now the course of Empire speeds;  
Can you forget, loved Western land,  
The glory of her deathless deeds?

In yonder city, glory-crowned,  
Where art will vie with art to keep  
The memories of those heroes green—  
The flush of conscious pride should leap  
To see her fair memorial stand  
Among the honored names that be—  
Her face toward the sunset still—  
Her finger lifted toward the sea!

Beside you on Fame's pedestal,  
Be hers the glorious fate to stand—  
Bronzed, barefoot, yet a patron saint,  
The keys of empire in her hand!  
The mountain gate that closed to you  
Swung open, as she led the way—  
So let her lead that hero host  
When comes their glad memorial day!"

—*By Bert Huffman, Pendleton, Oregon.*

Following the reading of this charming poem was a song by Chas. Cutter, an educated Alaskan Indian, which concluded the exercises of the memorial occasion.

I next visited the Idaho Building which had the most picturesque site of any of the State buildings. My visit was made exceptionally pleasant by the courtesies extended me by

Miss Clara Mobley and Mr. Bledsoe of Boise, who were in charge of the exhibit. To those coming directly from the East, the most wonderful building to be seen is the Oregon Forestry Building. This Log Palace is 206 feet long by 102 wide, and rises to a height of 75 feet; 52 immense trees of from five to ten feet in diameter, 60 feet high, arranged in rows, support the galleries and roof. Near this building is erected a flag pole 226 feet in length without a joint in it.

I was then tired and worn out, and spent the remainder of the day lounging lazily on nature's green carpet, in the shade of one of Oregon's towering pines. From that natural amphitheater I could overlook "the Trail," Guild Lake, and the Government Buildings. I was most forcibly impressed by the beautiful location of the grounds, where nature has so lavishly contributed to the beauty of the landscape, and a more ideal and appropriate spot could not be found.

On the 7th at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon while standing on the corner of Second and Alder streets waiting for an Oregon City car,

I was approached by a red-headed stranger, with a flowing, fiery red mustache, who politely inquired of me if I was going to Oregon City. I informed him that I was; he then held out to me a package or bundle which I supposed was some kind of dry goods. With his tender of the package he, in the most polite and suave manner, requested me to carry the package to the party addressed, Mrs. Eva Skinner, whom he informed me I would find in the City Bakery next door to the post office. I have always considered myself accommodating if anything, in fact, to a fault. So in my most courteous manner I agreed to deliver the package, and when the red-headed stranger offered to pay me for the service, I indignantly spurned the filthy lucre and swung onto a departing car for Oregon City. Upon my arrival in the little mountain town, I at once sought out the City Bakery according to directions and inquired for one Mrs. Eva Skinner, and imagine, if you can, my surprise when informed by the proprietor that he knew no one by that name. I made several inquiries at business houses near by, and made a complete failure in gaining any infor-

mation that would lead to the discovery of the "woman in the case." I was advised to seek her in the upper town or that part of the city located on the mountain; somewhat chagrined but not discouraged, I mounted the steps bravely, which wind around the mountain side for nearly a half mile, and just as my wind was about gone, and I was on the point of yielding to the physical strain and give up the chase, I reached the top, and after a short rest I started to search out a little bakery in the part of the town in which I was told I might secure the much desired information that would throw some light upon the deepening plot. In a few minutes, I, with the shrewdness of a sleuth, located the place I was seeking, and hoping against fate that there I would find my dear Mrs. Skinner or learn of her whereabouts, I boldly entered the little shop, and propounded the burning question to the little sawed-off Dutch proprietor who cheerfully gave me the information "Dot he don't know von Meeses She-Kinner und he peliefs dot name vas a fraught." I heartily assented to his statement, and bidding my teutonic friend good-



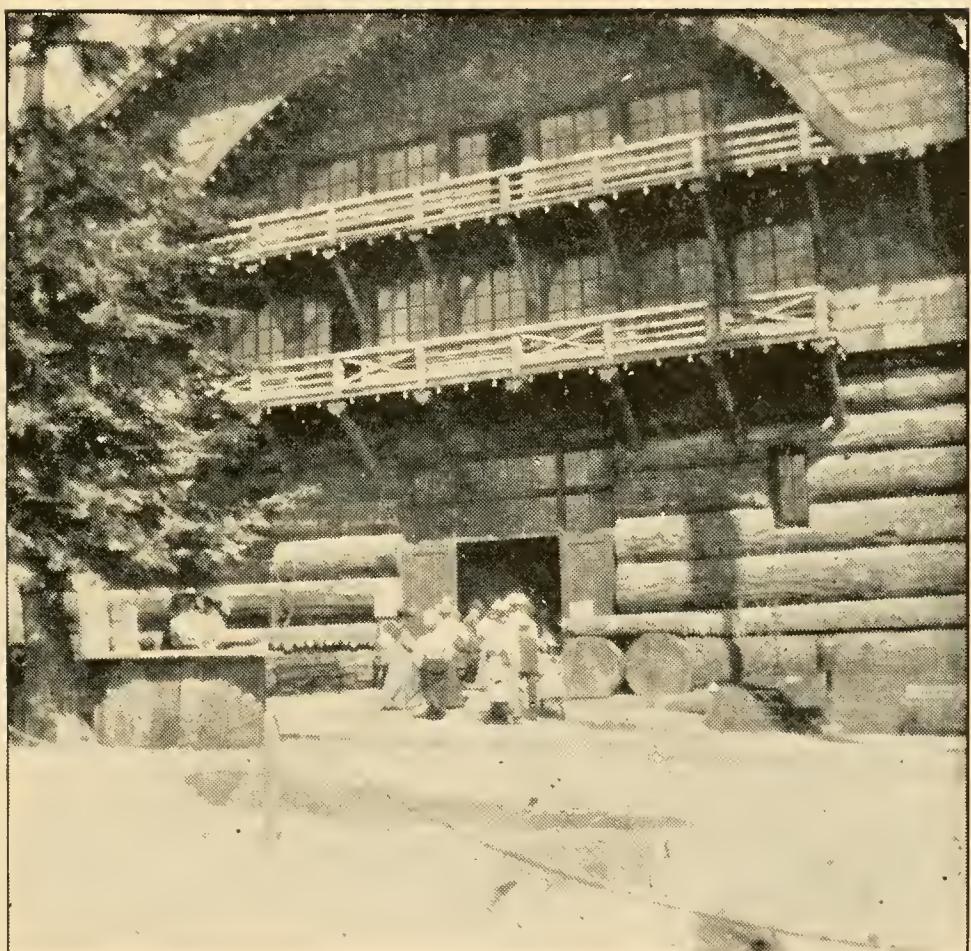
Sacajawea. "She raised a finger towards the sea."



bye, I sought the streets once more where I mopped my manly brow, and mentally cursed the red-headed stranger who had inveigled me into the desperate situation. "But the villain still pursued her." A brilliant idea struck me—'Tis a wonder it didn't kill me—Why had I not thought of it before? I would hie myself away to the post office and there inquire whether the elusive Mrs. Eva Skinner received mail. Oh! happy thought! Away I sped down that long flight of steps to the lower town like a loose boulder falling from the craggy cliffs above. The slow plodding citizen would stop, and gaze after me as if he had suddenly come in chilly contact with a ghost or a fleeing madman. On reaching the post office, I made my way to the general delivery window, and poking my head through, I called for the postmaster, who came forward at once. In excited tones I asked for the mail of Mrs. Weaver Skinner, and was informed there was no person by that name who received mail at the office. Then I discovered a three link pin on the lapel of the coat of the postmaster; I thereupon gave him the distress signal of the order,

handed him the package through the window, and explained the situation. The brother took hold of the package gingerly, and critically examined it, thinking perhaps as I had, that it might possibly contain a baby or some other infernal machine. But as there seemed not to be the least trace of tragedy connected with it, he turned to the address and at once exclaimed, "Why, certainly the lady to whom this package is addressed gets mail here regularly; why didn't you inquire about her when you came in?" He concluded his remarks by saying. "You seem to be considerably worried, I will take pleasure in delivering the package." I told him I was allright, and thanked him warmly from the depth of my heart for extricating me from the terrible predicament in which I had been placed. I then and there made a solemn vow to myself that I would never take another package (especially from a red-headed stranger) without first being fully advised as to its contents, and given the most explicit directions as to delivering.

With my mind at rest and my nerves quieted, I started on a tour of inspection of the beauti-



Entrance to Forestry Building, Lewis and Clark  
Exposition, Portland, Oregon.



ful little city, which is located near the Willamette Falls. I crossed the suspension bridge which is eight hundred feet long and one hundred and twenty feet above the bed of the Willamette river, to the east side, where are located two of the largest paper mills in the world. I am under obligations to Mr. Edd Shoenheinz for courteously showing me through the immense plant of the Willamette Paper Co., and explaining each department in a manner so interesting that it made my visit enjoyable to the highest degree. At 6 o'clock P. M., I went aboard the steamer Altona, bound down the river for Portland, where I arrived at 7:30, having made a run of thirty miles on the blue waters of the Willamette; but the beauties along this stream do not begin to compare with the rugged beauty of the noble Columbia.

Part of the following day I spent in the cherry orchards of St. Johns. The Royal Ann and other varieties of cherries can be found there in season in the greatest degree of lusciousness.

On my return to Portland, I visited the City

Hall; it is an elegantly equipped building, and has the most extensive free museum I have ever seen.

July the 9th, another dawning of a beautiful Sabbath day, I caught one of the early cars for Vancouver, Washington, and at ten o'clock I left the car and went aboard the ferry boat "Vancouver," which bore us across the Columbia river over to the great State of Washington. In a short time the town was flooded with hundreds of Sunday visitors from the "Fair City." Down at the foot of Main street near the purling waters of the river, I found a grand old cottonwood tree, now in its dotage and fast giving way to the withering touch of time. One hundred years ago, when this tree, then in its prime, stood towering towards the heavens, and spreading its protecting branches over the lap of mother earth, there gathered beneath its welcome arms and inviting shade the great Hudson Bay Co.'s western agents, who for six months camped, slept, and made their home under the soighing boughs of this giant of the forest. The surveyors for the company made it the witness tree of all their surveys, and it is



19-6

Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.



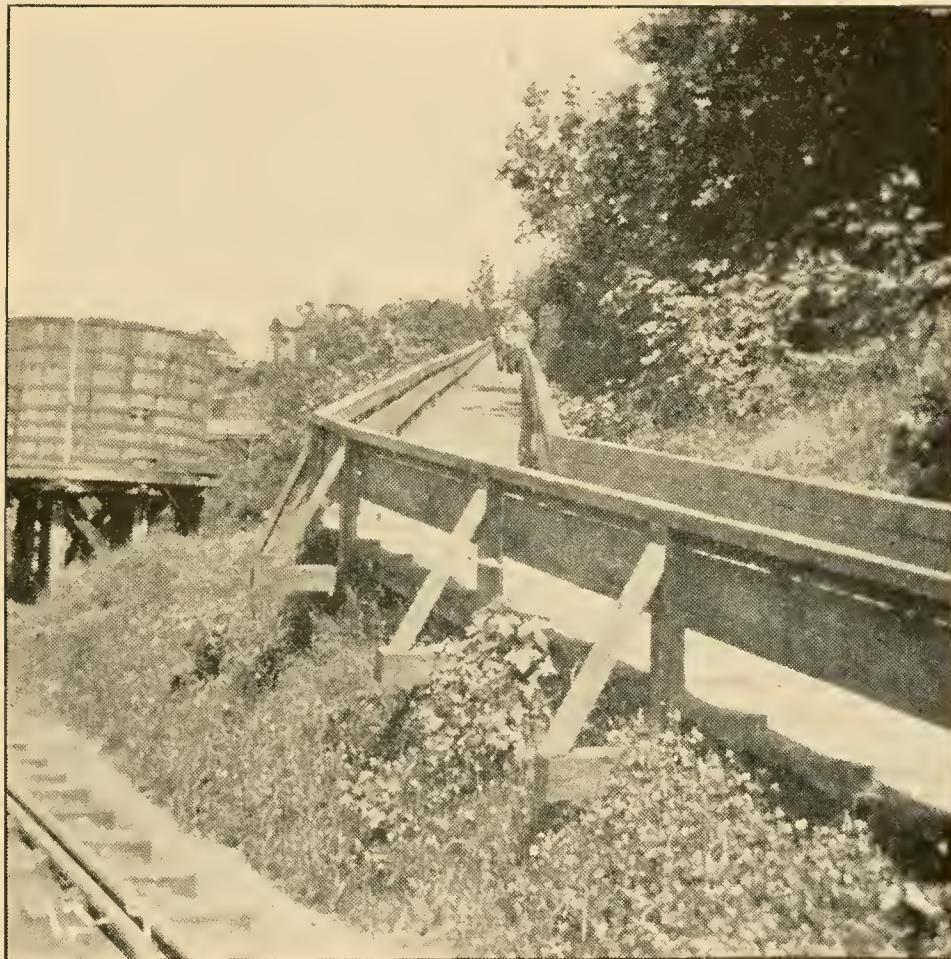
to this day called the "Old Witness tree." By permission I secured a walking cane from its branches which I will always keep in memory of the day I stood beneath its cooling shade and gazed with enraptured vision upon the heaving bosom of its life companion, fair Columbia.

The city of Vancouver, which was named from the great explorer, Vancouver, was founded by the Hudson Bay Company in 1826, and is one of the oldest settlements on the Pacific coast. One among the finest equipped military posts in the United States is located there.

I got back to Portland in time to attend divine services at the First Presbyterian church, corner Twelfth and Alder streets. I had the pleasure of listening to that most eminent divine, Rev. Dwight Hillis, of New York, and I heard the most eloquent, simple and delightful sermon to which it has ever been my pleasure to listen. Subject of his discourse was, "Jesus Christ as the Great Commoner."

The morning of the 11th, I spent at the Armory building, attending the opening meet-

ing of the Medical Association of America. A finer and more representative body of men could not be collected from the four corners of this great country than was there on that memorable occasion assembled. The invocation was delivered by Dr. Morrison. The address of welcome on the part of the State of Oregon, in the absence of the Governor, was delivered by Judge George, who, in his happy vein, caught his audience, and held them spell-bound to the close of his discourse. In part he said: "For the benefit of the Democratic doctors present, of whom I can locate quite a number by their open, honest faces, though I am a Republican (I can always spot a Democrat by his honest expression), I want to say to them if they are out of a job at home and their people are distressingly healthy, all they have to do is to come to Republican Oregon, where we have a Democratic Governor, and in the Republican city of Portland, a Democratic Mayor, and in the Republican county of Multnomah, a Democratic Sheriff and County Attorney, and I will guarantee the Republicans of Oregon will put them in office." In a grand



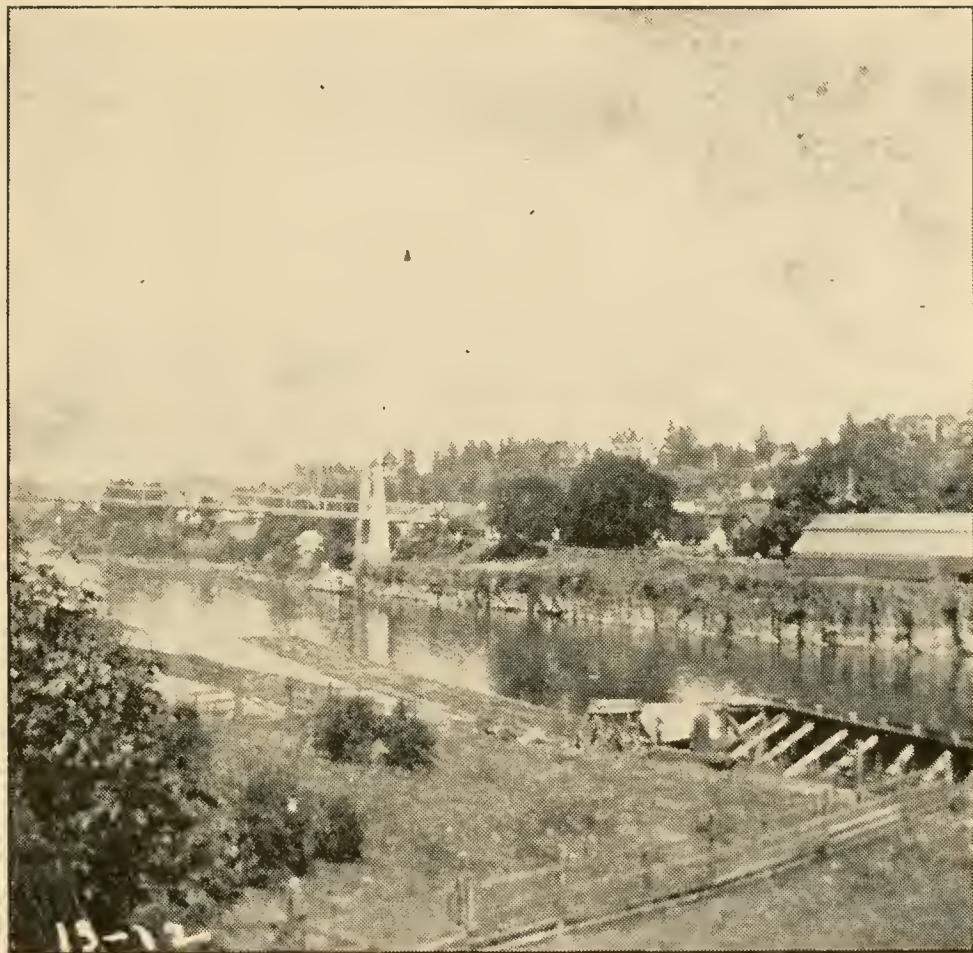
The Terrible Flight of Steps that Lead to the Little Dutch Bakery on Oregon City Heights.



peroration he touched upon the beauties of the "Rose City" and said: "What a grand thought it was of the Creator of the universe that He, in His infinite wisdom, had seen fit to run the two greatest rivers of the world right by the doors of Portland." All the morning I had been addressed as "doctor" and at 12 o'clock, when I left the building, I was somewhat swelled up with egotism; stuck on myself, as it were. I know it is on account of my regal bearing that I am so often taken for some great celebrity. After dinner my young friend and I caught a car for Esta Cado, the longest trolley ride in the West, being 60 miles from Portland to Casadera, the terminus of the line, which is five miles west of Esta Cado. On our arrival at Selwood, a suburban town of Portland, we stopped and filled our pockets with those luscious Royal Ann cherries and caught the next car, and went spinning along through a most lovely agricultural country up Johnson creek, a small stream which runs through the valley of the Willamette and empties into that river. Without hesitation or fear of successful contradiction, I can say that this particular

section is the richest farming country in the United States. I asked a farmer on our car what the lands through which we were passing were worth per acre. He informed me that the improved lands would bring from two hundred to four hundred dollars, the unimproved would sell for about one hundred dollars per acre, and it would cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre to clear it. He further told me that he had spent as much as fifty dollars in blowing up and getting rid of one tree and its stump, on which he used one hundred pounds of blasting powder.

We arrived at Casadera, the terminal station, near the head waters of the beautiful little Clackamas river, at 6 o'clock. On inquiry we found that by making an extra effort we would have time enough before the last car left for Portland to climb the steep, frowning cliffs that overlook the valley, and reach a point on the summit from where we could get a good view of Mount Hood. After a climb of nearly two thousand feet, almost perpendicularly upward, we reached the summit, where a grand mesa falls gently back to the base of



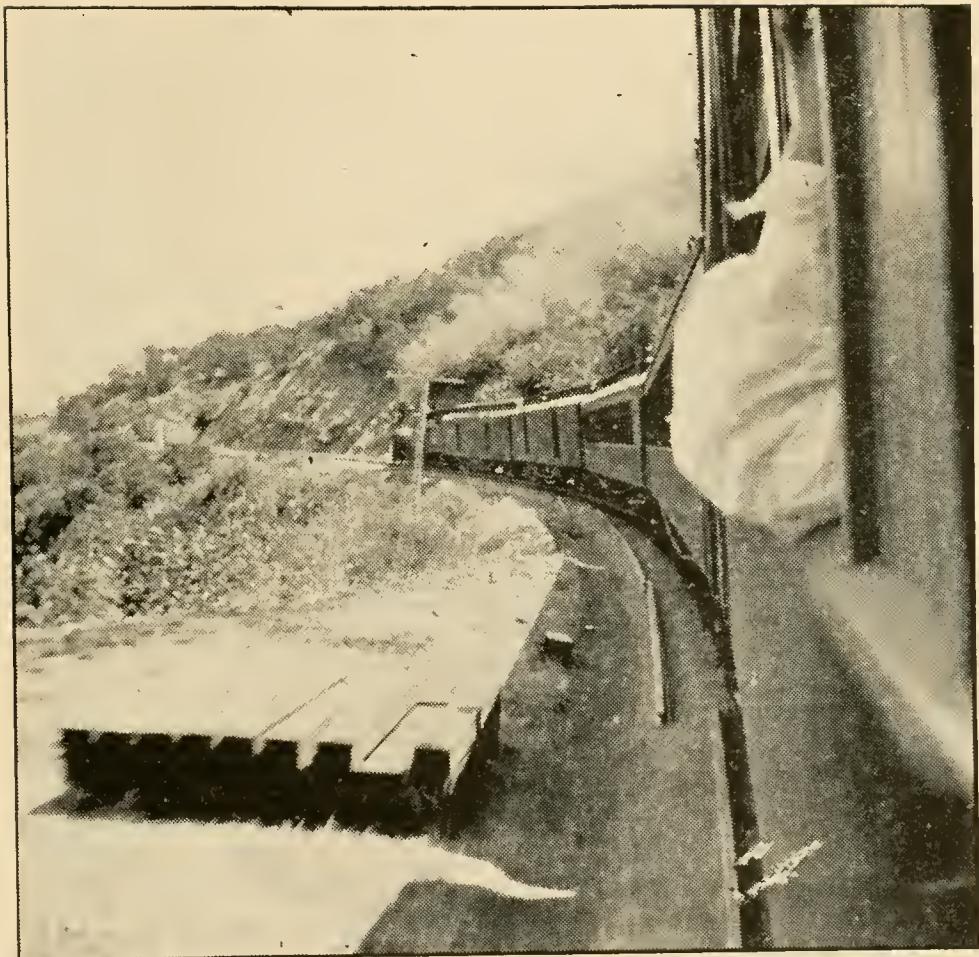
Oregon City, Willamette River and Suspension Bridge.



the snow-capped peak, and from where we stood we could see, apparently, only a stone's throw before us, the peak of that magnificent mountain, with its drapery of white caught in a flood of sunlight, making a setting of fiery opal in the heavens. As we regretfully turned away from the heavenly picture we felt that we had been amply rewarded for our most arduous labors in gaining that point of observation. We started back down the mountain at 8 o'clock and at 9 o'clock reached Esta Cado, where we caught the last car in, and arrived at Portland at 11:30 o'clock P. M.

At 8:30 o'clock P. M., July the 13th, I took the Southern Pacific train ("The Open Window Route"), homeward bound. Oh, what a sad thought! I must leave my much beloved Portland. That was the last day that perhaps I would ever spend within her hospitable gates. But I shall always look back to my visit to the beautiful city with pleasure and in my retrospective moments glean from that, the brightest page of my life, a solace from the fact that I once was the honored guest of proud Portland. On the morning of July the

14th, at 4:30 o'clock, I was awakened by the intense cold. We were just entering the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. By the time we reached Roseberg it was getting light enough to get a view of the country through which we were passing. On each side of the road were extensive forests of Madrona, a very beautiful tree resembling very much the graceful eucalyptus. Down Cow creek canyon were numbers of hop farms and bee ranches. At 10 o'clock "Ve turntd dot sumit o-fer." We had been climbing the steep grade with a double header for several hours. Merlin was the first station over the divide. We reached Grant's Pass at 11 o'clock, on Rogue river, 475 miles from San Francisco. Medford I found to be a very progressive little town in the Rogue river valley, which is a fine agricultural part of the State. The grain and mineral display at the depot showed not only the many products of the country, but it also displayed the progress of its citizenship. We arrived at Ashland at 1:30 o'clock. There, lined up along the track were the noisy small boy and the decrepit old men and women of the community



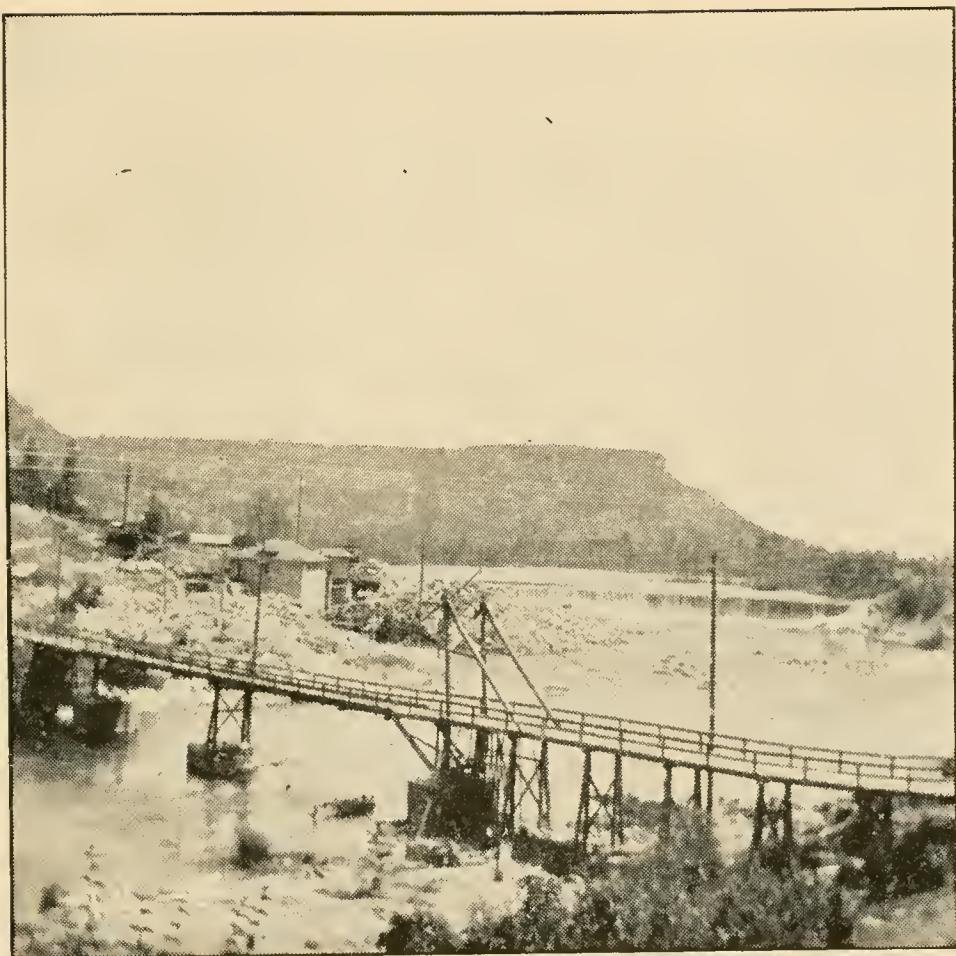
Mountain Scene From Our Train, Southern Oregon.



vending fresh fruits right from the orchards and gardens, such as strawberries, raspberries, peaches, cherries and the most delicious cultivated blackberries I have ever eaten. We left Ashland prepared to climb the divide or summit over the Siskiyou mountains with two engines in front pulling and one behind pushing. We arrived at Siskiyou at 3 o'clock, elevation 5,000 feet above the sea level. Just after leaving Siskiyou we ran through a tunnel one mile in length, and as we again came out under the sun-kissed skies a glance to the southeast revealed just the peak of Mount Shasta, towering grandly in its immaculate whiteness above the mountains of less magnitude. I enjoyed to the fullest extent that, my first view of the hoary-headed old monarch of the Sierra Nevada range. In a short time we crossed the State line of Oregon and California and soon dropped down into the Klamath river valley. However, we kept our three engines, for in a little while we began the last climb of the Sierra Nevadas. We reached Weed station, the summit, at 6:30, altitude 4,000 feet. From there we made a drop of

nearly 4,000 feet over the finest piece of railroad building in the world, down to Shasta Springs, at the foot of Mt. Shasta. The scenery along the turbulent little stream of Shasta was the most thrilling and fascinating of all my trip. At 7:40 o'clock our train made a five-minutes' stop at the springs so all the passengers could get a draught of the pure elixir of life which is bubbling freely from the riven side of Mount Shasta. All who drink from the fountain retain their youth and beauty; the old are made young, the ugly are made beautiful, and every old maid who partakes of the God-given nectar will soon thereafter be united in holy wedlock to some handsome young Lochinvar out of the West. Little wonder at the crowd that surged around that fountain of promise of the world's desire! The few precious moments spent there were devoted to strenuous efforts on the part of the traveler to get a full potation of the sparkling liquid of life.

About 9 o'clock in the evening we were running along parallel with a roaring, foaming little mountain stream. I asked the porter if



Toll Falls and Table Mountain, Sierra Nevada Range,  
Southern Oregon.



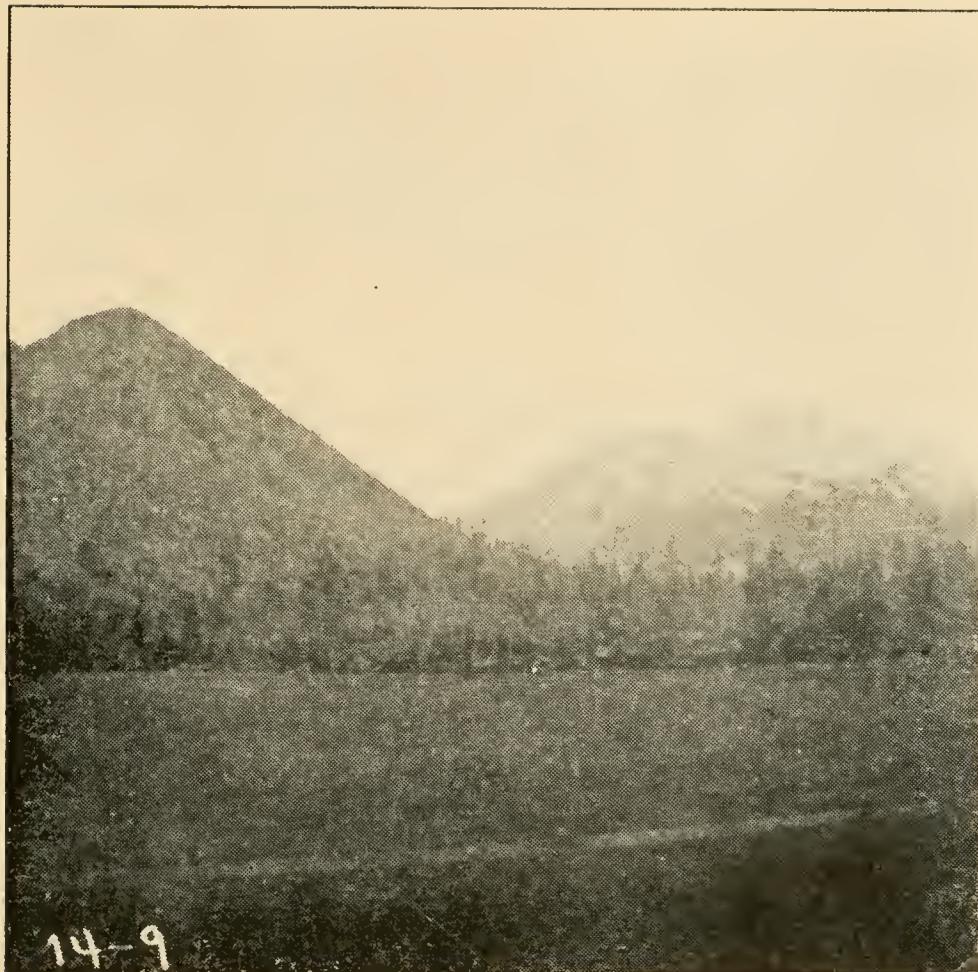
he knew the name of the mad little torrent. I was informed that it was the Sacramento river. I could hardly realize the fact that the little, bounding stream dashing in and out among the great boulders lying in its path to the sea was really and truly the river that I had always in my mind associated with the great streams of the world. It is said, however, that by the uniting of the atoms of matter thrown off into space the largest planets of the heavens are formed. The oak, the king of the forests, symbolical of strength and vigor, springs from a tiny little acorn, and so it is with the great waterways of the world; the beginning of the functions they perform in their ceaseless travels is from little springs gushing forth from the crest of some towering mountain.

The next morning at 5 o'clock, when I looked out over the immense stretch of prairie through which we were passing I began to realize the magnitude of California's resources. Wheatland, Lincoln and Sacramento are in the midst of the great wheat producing section of the State. We arrived at the latter place, the capi-

tal city, at 6 o'clock. The great dome of the State capitol could be seen from the train as we were entering the city. After a fifteen minutes' stop, we crossed the Sacramento river which presented quite a different appearance from that presented the night before at 9 o'clock, when, for the first time in my life, I caught a glimpse of it in its laughing, rollicking chase over the rocky defile of the mountains to the plains below.

Soon after leaving the city we entered a great marsh or low, wet land, which extends for miles and miles, stretching out to a greater extent than I had ever seen before. After about one hour's run through the unsightly marsh we dashed out into the beautiful flower-decked prairie again.

There an intense system of farming is carried on, and diversification is the slogan of the farmer. Our way was almost lined with great fields of asparagus, acres upon acres of vineyards, vast orchards of almonds and English walnuts, with an occasional grove of olives, making an emerald setting of green for the beautiful landscape picture. I, however, noticed



14-9

Mount Shasta, the Monarch of the Sierra Nevada Range.

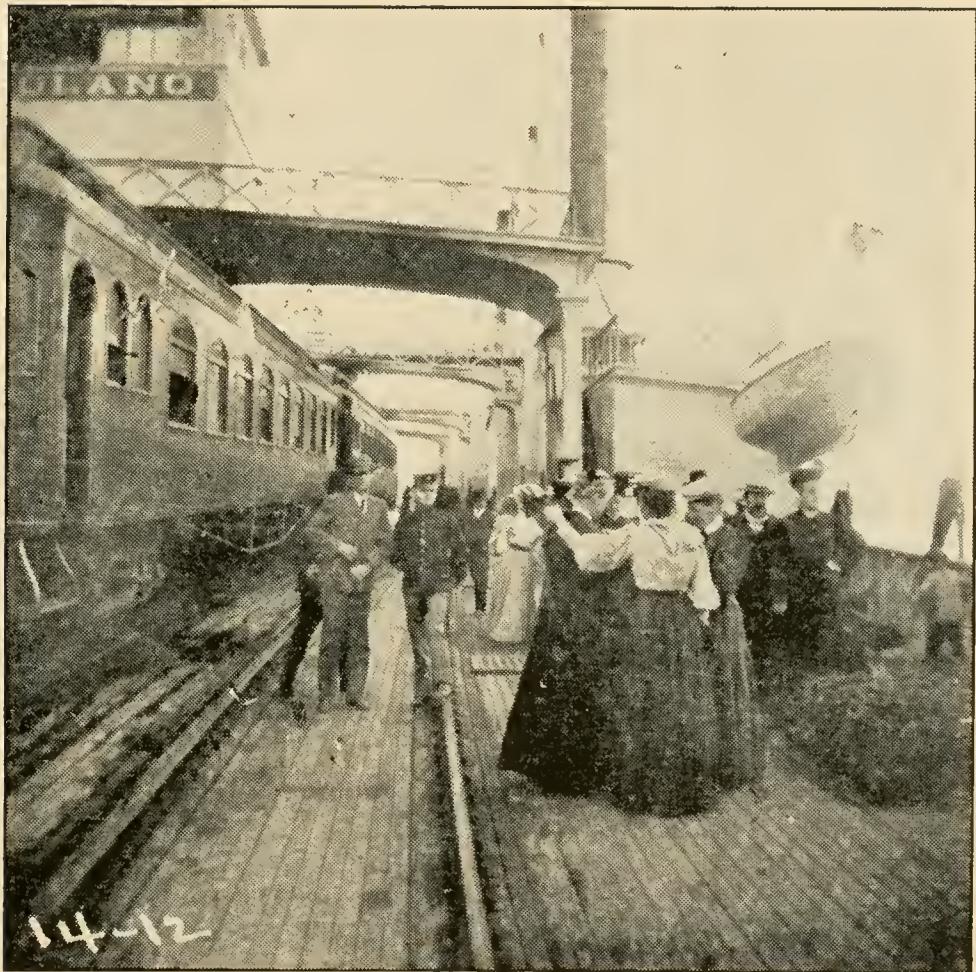


that we kept encroaching upon the low mountains of the Coast Range until 8 o'clock, when we reached Benicia, on San Francisco Bay, where our train ran on to the ferry boat, "Solano," the largest boat of the kind in the world. It is 425 feet in length, 140 feet in width, and has eight 300 horse-power boilers, and on the trip across, a distance of one and a quarter miles, carried two entire sections of passenger trains of thirteen coaches each.

The Sacramento river flows into the San Francisco Bay near Benicia. The length of the bay is nearly 100 miles. We ran into Oakland, 16th Street Station at 9 o'clock. At Oakland ferry we changed from our train to the beautiful ferry boat, "Berkley," made the run across the bay, four miles, and landed in San Francisco, at the foot of Market street, at 9:30 o'clock, where, for the first time in life, I entered the greatest city of the West, the Mecca of the "Forty-Niners," the golden gateway to the Orient, the true metropolis of the Pacific slope. On the corner of California and Sutton streets I caught a cable car for the Cliff House. There I enjoyed a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The magnificent hotel is built upon a point of cliffs jutting out into the seething, rolling breakers of the Pacific. It stands about forty feet above high tide, and as I looked seaward from the high promontory and beheld the long, rough surges rushing towards me and tremblingly listened to their angry roar as they were flung back from the caverned battlements at my feet, I felt as if the very foundation of creation was crashing around me. The unceasing fury of the waters as they dash against the rocks, with a roar of reverberating thunder, throw clouds of spray into the air that often immerse the front of the building in a misty veil of white. Hundreds of sea lions were sporting and sunning themselves upon the seal rocks which stand a few hundred feet out in front of the hotel, almost submerged in the briny deep. Near the Cliff House is located the beautiful Sutro Park, in which I spent nearly an hour of my limited time, then caught the cars back to the city.

On the way back we ran near the Golden Gate, the entrance to San Francisco Bay. Lime Point, a penal station, is situated on the



The Big Ferry Boat Solans on San Francisco Bay,  
The Largest Boat of the Kind in the Word.

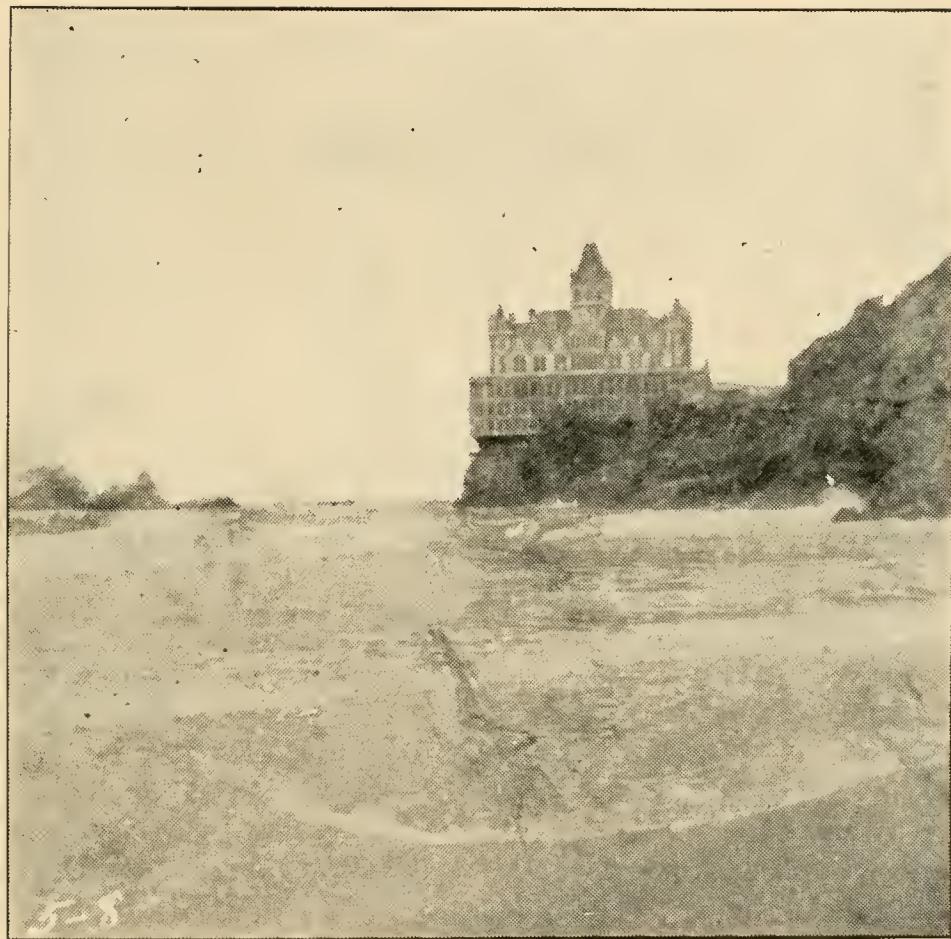


north side of the entrance, and Fort Scott is situated on a point on the south side. The passage way for vessels there is very narrow and well guarded by the finest fort defense guns in the world, making it like the Straits of Gibraltar—impregnable. At 6th street I transferred to the Golden Gate Park car and arrived at the park at 2 o'clock. It is the largest and grandest park in America, and is surpassed by very few in the world. It comprises 1,000 acres or more, and the attractions to be found within its grounds are the fruits of years of labor and research, a detailed description of which would indeed be voluminous. After spending two hours there I again sought the city, for I was tired and hungry after my strenuous chase after the things beautiful. At Westerfield's restaurant, 1035 Market street, I spent nearly one hour busily engaged in disposing of a smothered chicken and trimmings, a quart of California "Logan berries" and a snowy peak of ice cream.

At 6 o'clock I left San Francisco on the Coast Line Limited, south, through the Santa Clara valley, Redwood, Palo Alto, where the

great Lick Observatory is located, and through San Jose, in the midst of the fruit section. That great valley lies between some low off-shoots of the Coast Range, immediately along the shores of the Pacific on the west, and the main range of the same mountains on the east. I arrived at Castorville at 9:30 o'clock P. M. and caught the train for Del Monte, the most celebrated of all the noted resorts of California, where I arrived at 11 o'clock P. M., and at once sought the Hotel Del Monte, went to my room, and was soon sleeping soundly.

Sunday morning, July the 16th, I had breakfast at 6:30 o'clock. It was the most appetizing menu to which I ever sat down. The hotel is beautifully located in the center of a 150 acre park, only one-half mile from the Pacific beach, making it one of the most delightful places in the world for a secluded rest, entirely free from the cares of this busy, bustling life. For two hours I rambled through that garden of Paradise, lost in holy admiration of the beauties with which I was surrounded. There were great mounds of richly colored flowers, filling the air with the sweet odors of the tropics, ma-



Cliff House, San Francisco, Defying the Furies  
of Old Ocean.



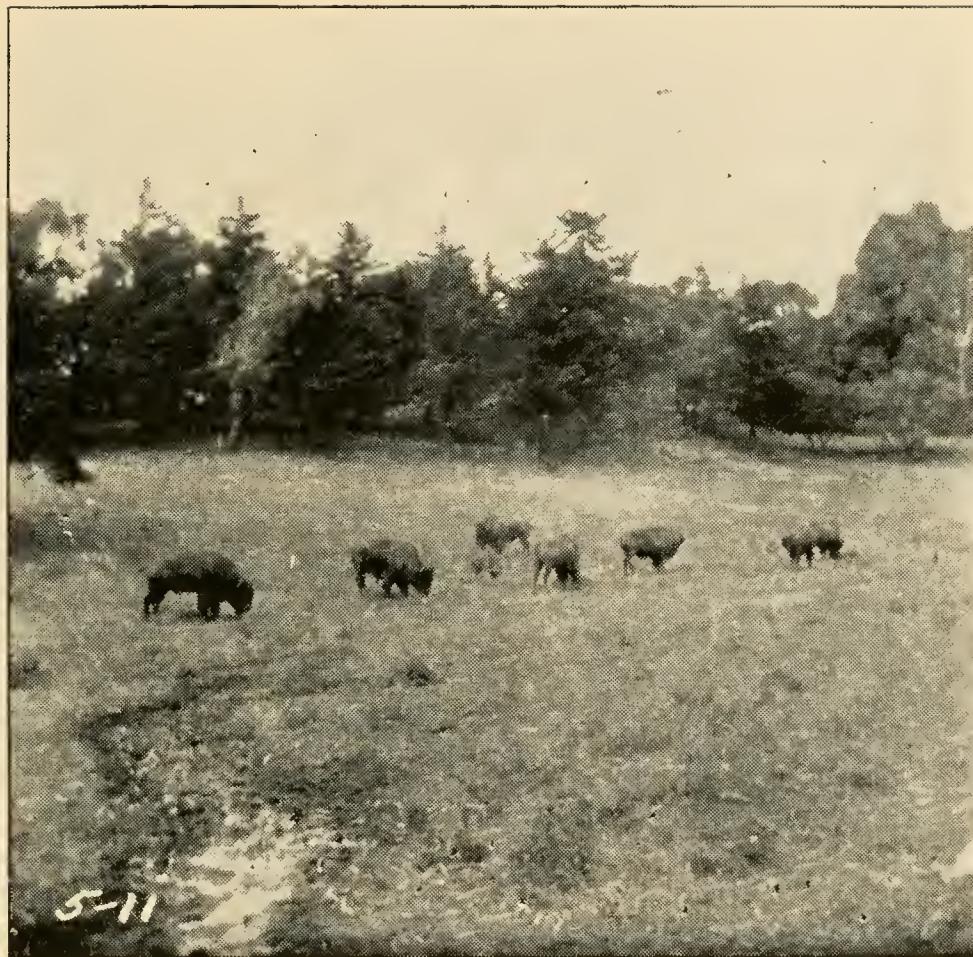
jestic forest trees whose long arms were fanned into serpentine motion by the early morning's zephyrs fresh from the bosom of the Pacific, while the sweet-noted songsters of the woods filled the air with enchanted music. It was a picture that creates poets, a feast for the soul which brings a nearness to God that is truly sublime. About 9 o'clock I emerged from the labyrinths of the park full upon the beach of the ocean and again drank in the ozone of the health-giving climate. After a walk of several miles along the beach, which, by the way, is the most beautiful between San Francisco and Los Angeles, I made my way back to the station, where I caught the 11 o'clock train back to Castorville.

There I caught the train for Los Angeles at 11:45 o'clock. At 1:40 o'clock we passed Paso Robles, noted for its hot mud springs, which are patronized quite extensively for their medicinal properties. At 3 o'clock we reached the summit of the San Louis mountains, and discarded one engine, as we had been using two for some time. We arrived at San Louis O'Bispo at 3:15 o'clock, and at El Pizpo at 3:40

o'clock. The latter place is located on the white sands of the Pacific beach, and is a boom place promoted by the Los Angeles real estate agents. In Ora Grand valley we passed through miles and miles of Irish potato fields and sugar beet farms, with always a great rambling sugar refinery in sight.

Shortly after 4 o'clock we left the beautiful Ora Grand valley and dodged into the mountains again, but in a little while were whisked back out of the mountains, down near the beach, within a few hundred yards of the surf. At the little station of Surf we were treated to a grand view of the breakers as they broke in white billowy festoons of froth for miles along the sandy beach. We reached Santa Barbara, the old mission town, at 7 o'clock. We passed through Ventura county, the greatest beet and bean producing section of that part of the West, and arrived at Los Angeles at 10:30 o'clock P. M.

By 6 o'clock the next morning I had eaten my breakfast and was out on the streets of "The City of Angels." One must tread softly over the holy ground, for he might perchance



One of Nature's Pictures Which Makes the Heart  
of the "Old Forty-niner" Leap at Recol-  
lections of the Past.



disturb the serenity of the godly real estate agents, after whom the city derived its name. 'Tis said the purse of the Eastern tenderfoot ceases to jingle after an encounter with one of those irresistible bipeds of the Celestial City their name is legion and their charms are most seductive, and woe unto him who wats not of their schemes.

I boarded a car for Venice, twenty-three miles away, located on the Pacific beach. The trip was through a farming country and the oil fields of Southern California. From the car I counted thirty-five oil rigs in sight at one time. Fifteen miles from the city, at Sawtelle, is located the Old Soldiers' Home and Military Barracks. At Santa Monica I got off the car, and went to the beach for a three and a half miles walk to Venice. To the north of Santa Monica a few miles, the Coast Range mountains make a plunge into the depths of the Pacific, and are forever lost to the sight of man. That was the first time in my life that I ever chased an entire range of mountains into the engulfing arms of the ocean. I enjoyed the roar of the breakers, sounding in my ears like the detona-

tion of distant cannon. At 10 o'clock I pulled into Venice leg-weary and exhausted; the tide was high and I was consequently forced back into the deep, dry sands, where I really had to pull myself along. I found Venice located in an ideal spot for a resort, and millions of money is being expended to make it second to none in America. I returned to the Union Depot, foot of Main street, at 11:45 o'clock, just in time to get my baggage and catch the 12:01 flyer, East.

Down Los Angeles Valley, after leaving the city, is one grand vista of orange groves and walnut orchards. At Cucamongo is a vineyard covering 3,000 acres, where is made the famous Cucamongo wine. On our arrival at Colton at 2 o'clock all the passengers laid in a supply of oranges sufficient to last across the desert; the fruit was sold for a mere pittance. I purchased the most beautiful large golden navel oranges at the rate of fifteen cents per dozen. From Colton one gets a grand view of the surrounding country. Mount Lowe, at the foot of which nestles Pasadena, the little "Gem" of Southern California, and Old Baldy stand in bold outlines. Redlands and Riverside, two lovely little



Nature and Art in Del Monte Park. California.



cities, are also in plain view, making quite a pretty and interesting picture.

After leaving Colton, a run of thirty-five miles takes one over the mountains, out of that paradise, and drops him into a living hell, or more correctly speaking, it will put him into the great desert of Southern California, which stretches away into Arizona and New Mexico. As we climbed the divide to Beaumont, the summit of the San Bernardino range of mountains, which is 2,256 feet above the sea level, the air became cool and crisp; quite a contrast to the conditions we had just left and to those we found prevailing on the east side of the range. Old Gray Back on the left and San Jacinto on the right, with their serrated snowy peaks reaching an altitude of 11,000 feet, wafted me an icy kiss as a last farewell from the great snow-capped peaks of the West. Though there are mountains on south as far as Southwest Texas, we then left the snowy range.

We arrived at Indio at 4:35 o'clock, which is twenty-two feet below sea level, located in Coachella Valley, where a system of artesian irrigation is carried on and the earliest vegeta-

bles in the United States are raised; a month earlier than any other section of Southern California. Just after passing the small station of Mecca we came in sight of the wonderful inland sea which has been made in the last six months by the flood waters of the Colorado river breaking through the flood gates of an irrigation canal near the city of Yuma. The filling in of this inland dry salt basin is the greatest phenomenon of the century. The water, which covered an area estimated to be over 6,000 square miles, was from three feet to two hundred and fifty feet deep, and was still rising at the rate of two inches per day. The theory is advanced by the most learned scholars of the country, that at some time in the ages of the past, the great salt basin was a part of the Gulf of California into which flowed the Colorado river and that the washings brought down from the canyon of the Colorado formed a bar at the point which is now known as Old river and thereby forced the Colorado to change its course and seek an entrance to the Gulf of California farther south; and during the unknown centuries that have elapsed since the occur-



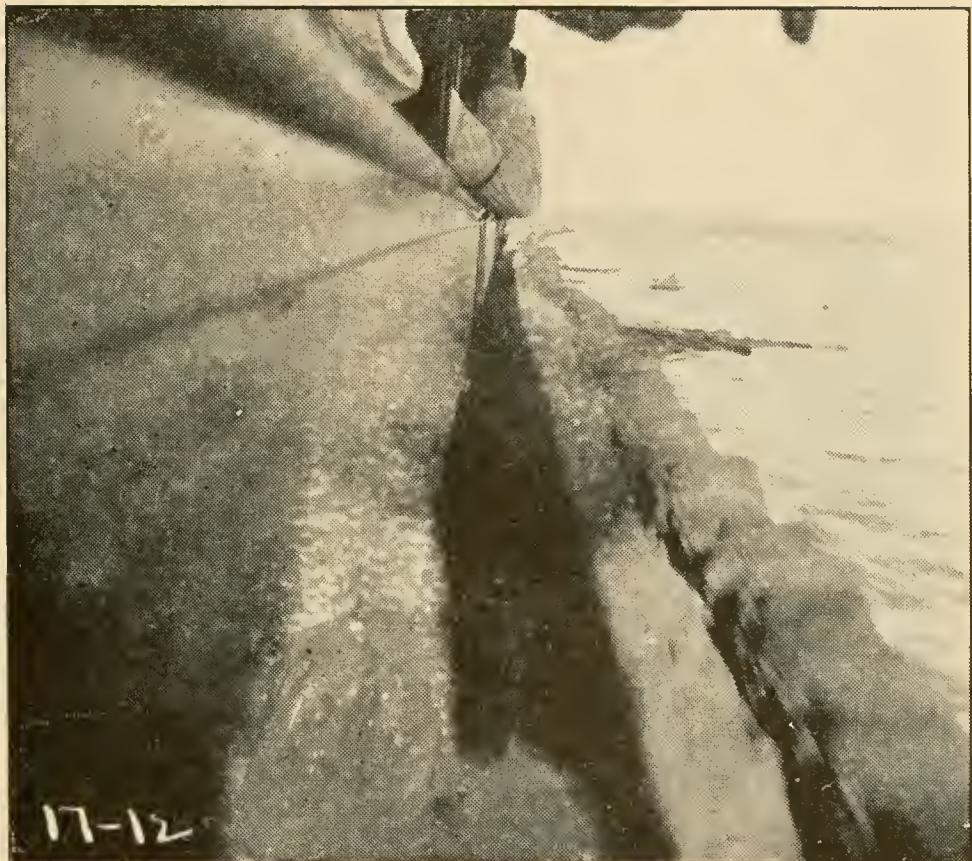
“One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin”  
Del Monte Park, California.



rence the waters of the great basin, having no source from which to replenish, were dried up by evaporation. Eleven miles east of Mecca and located on the salt sea is Salton Station, which is 265 feet below sea level. The salt works located there were nearly submerged by water; the two smoke-stacks sticking above the water a few feet showed where, only a few months ago, was a village of several hundred souls and a thriving business. But now a death-like stillness hangs like a pall over the surroundings, and the rippling waves chant a dirge as they break over the lost town. The Southern Pacific Railway Company was then engaged in making a survey several miles farther back near the low range of mountains, where the road will be rebuilt on safe ground, as there were nearly five miles of the track in a very unsafe condition. The railway company had the track protected to some extent by rip-rapping and sand-bagging. As our train crossed slowly over the dangerous piece of track the waves were lashing the embankment and covering the steel rails with a salty spray.

Salton prior to the erection of the salt works

was called "Old Beach," from the indications on every hand of a prehistoric sea, and thereby hangs a tale which was related to me by Mr. Schelalas, of Phoenix, Arizona: "It is the custom with the great Western Union Telegraph Company to change their employees around as their health or demands of the company justify. Quite a good many years ago there was a young operator working for the company in the State of New York, who was in poor health and wanted to go West and take a station. The company, as usual, left the choice as to what part of the West he would locate in wholly to his own choosing. So after a long and careful study of the stations of the Southern Pacific Railroad and its numerous Western branches where a change could be made, he finally selected Old Beach, which sounded good to him. He made straightway to a sporting goods store and laid in a supply of fishing tackle, tuna and also baracuda hooks and lines; in fact, the fully equipped himself for a fierce engagement with all the finny tribe. With his pass in his pocket, he boarded the train for the great and to him the unknown West. One evening just as



17-12

The Great Sea, Southern California, Showing the  
Rip Rap and Sand Bags to Protect the  
S. P. R'y Tracks.



the western horizon was flooded with a flame of burnished gold from the radiance of the setting sun, the unsophisticated young lunger stepped from the train at Old Beach. As the iron steed of the desert sped away from him across the trackless waste, he cast his eyes about him in an effort to take in his surroundings; but nowhere could he discover anything that looked like the mighty ocean he expected to find. From out of his state of amazement, he was suddenly aroused by a hearty slap on the back, and turning he discovered, standing but who he soon learned was like himself a seemed to be a mixture of Indian and Mexican, by his side, a bronzed faced young man, who product of York State, and had been sent West by the company for his health, and was then tanned and rugged. The dessert winds and climate had worked their charms. After a few formalities the tenderfoot inquired how far it was to the ocean, and was almost paralyzed when informed that it was three hundred miles. Why in the thunder then, is this called Old Beach? he asked. He was informed that it was so called because in ages of the past, per-

haps millions of years ago, the waters of the Gulf of California lapped the hills and table-lands that border upon what has been known since the memory of man as the Dry Salt Basin. Swearing softly at the dirty trick his imagination had played him, he determined he would do some fishing anyway, so opening up his box of tackle he extracted therefrom a fine tuna outfit and a book of flies; the latter he had carefully selected in the East for use in the supposed beautiful mountain streams near the station. After placing the book of flies on the hook, he got upon a box car standing on the siding, and throwing the bait the full length of the line, out into the desert he, after carefully lashing it to the car, descended to the ground, and went into the office where he was to receive his instructions in the work of the isolated station. The next morning on going out to the car, he was utterly astounded when he discovered his catch. A chucawalla had swallowed the book of flies, a great desert night-hawk had gulped down the chucawalla, a struggling coyote had eaten the hawk, and a hungry, voracious mountain lion had devoured the coyote.

At that terrible sight his nerves, which were already at a low ebb, entirely failed him, and hurrying back to the little office he swore that he would die and be damned before he would stay in a country where the animals and all other denizens of the silent wilderness subsisted upon each other, and he caught the next east bound train for York State, thoroughly disgusted with the West in general and Old Beach in particular."

After leaving Salton, the road runs almost parallel for 30 miles or more with the shores of the wonderful Salt Sea. We arrived at Imperial Junction at 6:25 o'clock P. M., where a branch of the S. P. runs to what is called the Imperial Country, a large section of rich lands that lie along the inland sea, and is watered by irrigation from the Colorado River. In fact, the Imperial Irrigation Co. was then being sued in the State courts of California by the Salton Salt Company for alleged damages which they claimed were brought about by the Irrigation Company's flood gates not being sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure from the floods of the Colorado River; thereby deflecting the water

from its natural course into the great dry basin.

We arrived at Yuma, Arizona, at 8:30 P. M., where it is said that the sinner is always buried with his overcoat on. There we found a dozen or more Indian women of the Yuma tribe, sitting flat on the ground between the depot and the railroad track, nearer the latter, dressed in fancy colored raiment, with fiery red Navajo blankets spread out before them, upon which were placed in tasteful arrangement various articles of Indian fancy-work for sale. There was a lighted lantern placed upon the corner of each blanket, the price of each article was marked in plain figures on a little card, ranging from twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents, owing to the value of the article priced. There they sat, stolid and indifferent, not uttering a word or making a single effort to dispose of their stock in trade. They could not or would not speak English, so it was up to the tourist to buy or not, just as it suited his pleasure.

We arrived at Maricopa Junction in Maricopa county at 1:05 o'clock A. M., where I had to wait until 4:30 A. M. before I could get a

train for Phoenix. The railroad agent there gave me the population of Maricopa as per census of 1900, which showed there were then living in the city eight white men, thirty Mexicans, seventy-five Indians and five hundred and forty-nine dogs with only a natural increase since.

We were off for Phoenix on schedule time, where we arrived at 6:30 o'clock A. M. There I found my good Texas friend, W. L. Vinson, who is assistant superintendent of the Arizona Insane Asylum, which is located there. I was overjoyed to meet a true old friend after being so long all alone among entire strangers. He would have me go with him, and made me promise to be his guest as long as I remained in Phoenix. At his house I was given a most cordial reception by his family, and made to feel at home.

Phoenix is the most beautiful little city of the desert, and the metropolis as well as the capital of the Territory. In the early evening, I took a drive with Mr. Vinson behind his 2:14 stepper. I was favorably impressed with the city; it has the best system of education to

be found in the West, and the citizens point with pride to their elegant, commodious and substantial school buildings. As we were driving back in the soft twilight, I was greatly surprised at the beds, cots, etc., being brought out of the houses, and arranged in convenient and cozy places about in the yards. On inquiring why this was done, Mr. Vinson informed me that everybody slept out of doors in the open air in Arizona. I found this to be so with Mr. Vinson's family, for when bedtime arrived I was assigned to the guest's section of the yard, which is always on the west side of the house and considered the choice location for the reason that the early morning's sun will not disturb the sleeper. While the people of Arizona are full of energy and thrift, I find that "Old Sol" rises there earlier than any other place on earth, and each morning catches the industrious citizens enwrapped in the soothing embrace of Morpheus. Just the effects of the climate, I was told.

The next morning, in company with Mr. Vinson, I visited the Capitol building, where I had the pleasure of meting Governor Joseph A. Kib-



Pima Indian Women, Phoenix, Arizona, Selling Ollos  
(O'-Yos) Water Jars Made of Sun-Baked Clay.



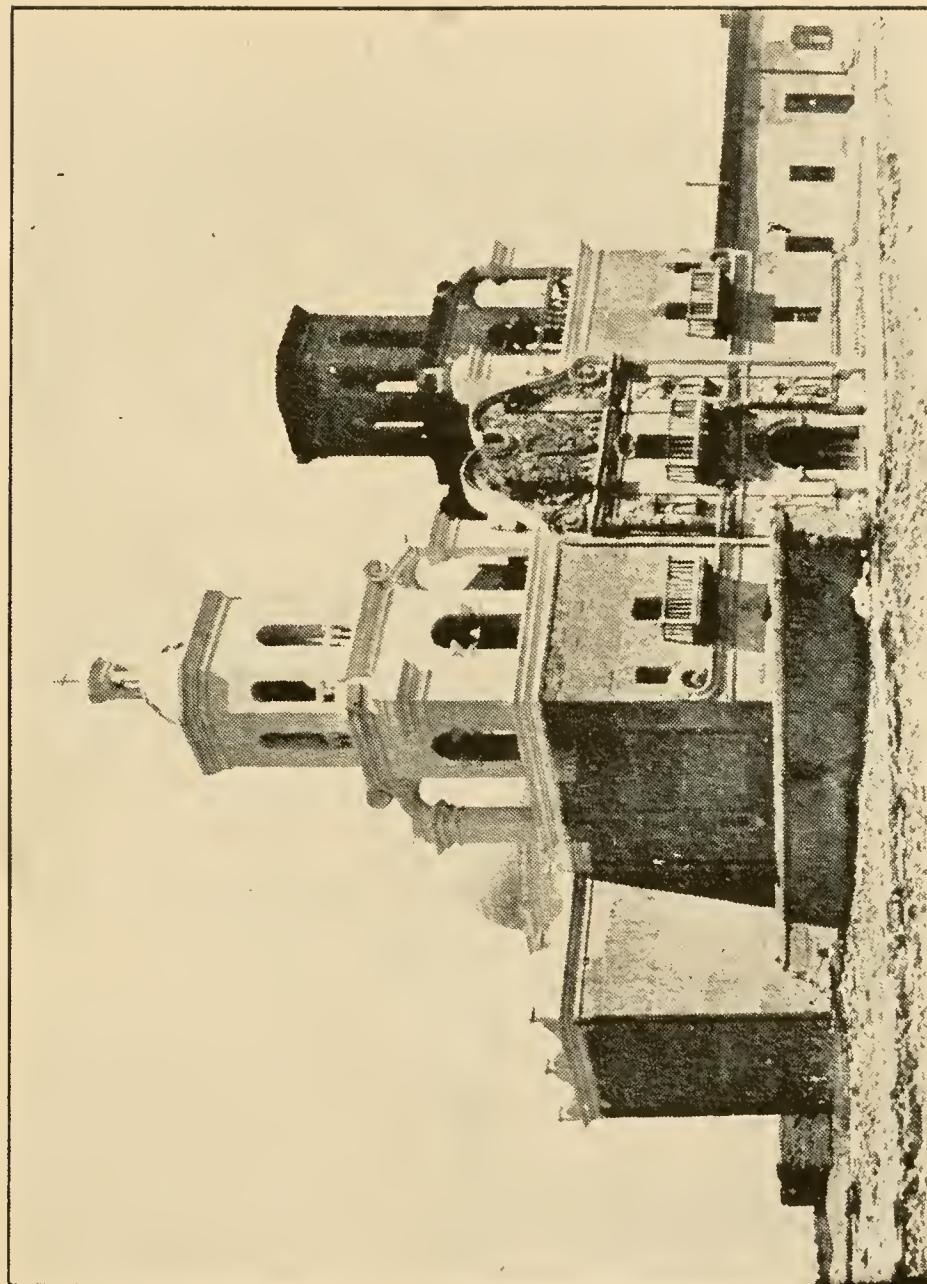
bey, Mr. G. E. Truman, secretary of the Board of Control, Mr. W. A. Hill, the auditor of the Territory, the youngest man holding a like position in the United States, and old honest Kirkland, a native Kentuckian, custodian of the Territory's cash. These very pleasant gentlemen informed me that the building was mine, and I was thereby granted the right to make a thorough inspection of it. Acting upon the courtesies extended, I proceeded to do so, and can say to the credit of the Territory that I found the building to be the prettiest I had seen in the West; it is built of native white granite, and upon the most modern type of architecture. I found, inscribed on a large white stone tablet, let into one of the great interior stone columns, the following data: "Entered as Territory 1863. First Legislature at Prescott, temporary Capital, Sept. 26th, 1864. Capital located at Tucson 1867, relocated at Prescott 1877, permanently located at Phoenix February 4th, 1889, new Capitol building completed 1900."

I spent one day at the Asylum with Mr. Vinson, which I enjoyed very much, for the pleasures of the day I am indebted greatly to Miss

Ward, the lovely daughter of Dr. W. H. Ward, the Superintendent, who was then in Portland, Oregon, attending the Medical Association of America.

July the 25th, my last day in Phoenix, I spent in company with Mr. Carroll Vinson, the eldest son of my host. We visited the Indian Industrial School of the Territory, located four miles from the city; it is a lovely place with beautiful grounds and dormitories, making a delightful and happy home for the children of the Government's wards. During my stay in Phoenix, the Indians were a source of great interest to me. I saw members of the tribes of Pimas, Yumas, Papegoes, Navajos, and Maricopas, who were daily upon the streets selling baskets, ollas (o'-yos), and trinkets of all kinds to the tenderfoot from the East. We spent the day enjoyably, strolling along the broad roads, shaded by giant cottonwoods, and graceful pomegranates, laden with crimson flowers.

At 8 o'clock P. M., I bade my friends good-bye, and went aboard the train for Maricopa Junction, where I arrived two hours later, and caught the east bound Golden State Limited



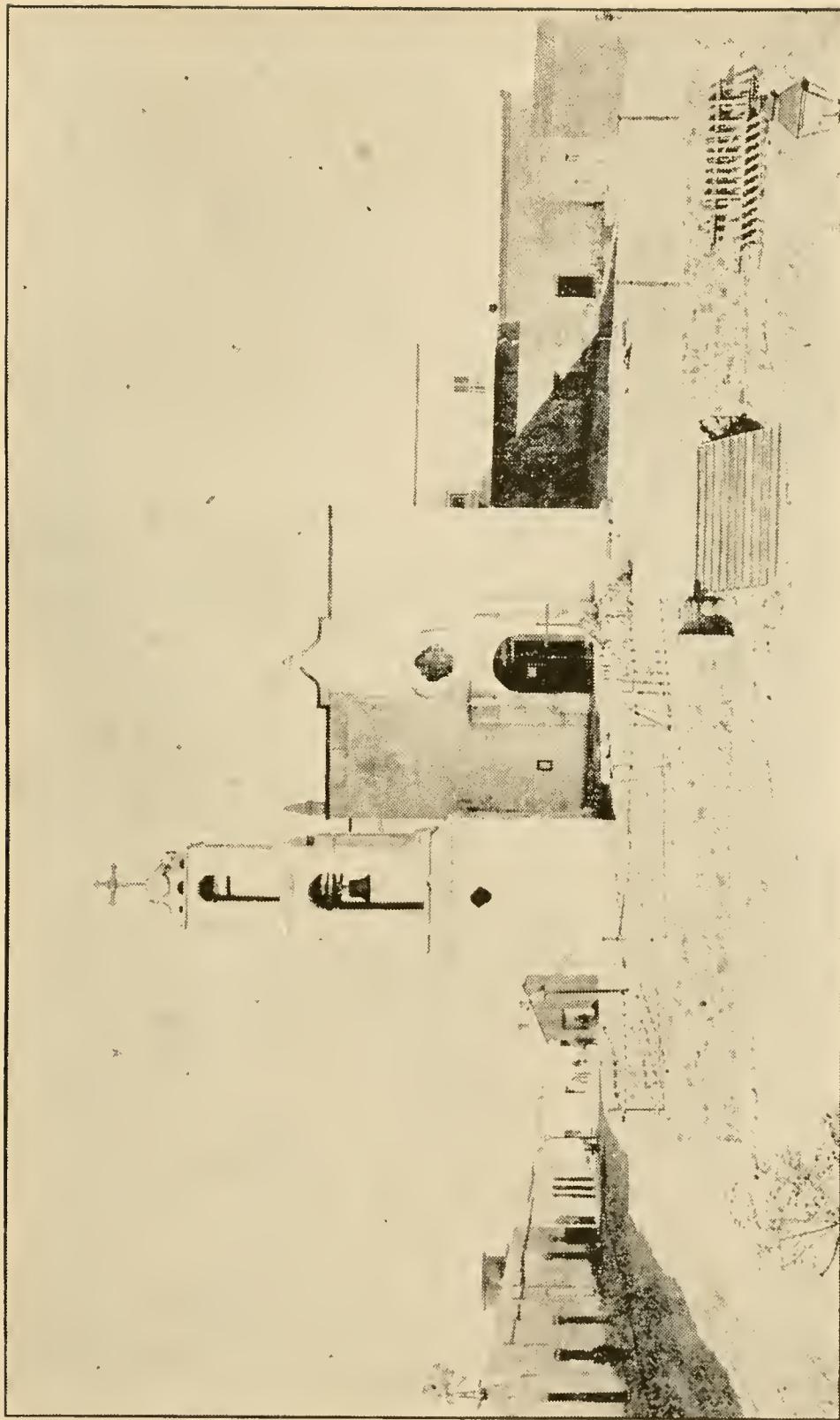
San Xavier Mission, Tucson, Arizona, the Oldest and Best Preserved Mission (300 years old) in the United States.



for Tucson, arriving there at 3:20 P. M. My object in stopping at Tucson was to see the old San Xavier (San Zavier) Mission, which I had been informed was located within the city limits; but imagine my surprise and chagrin when on inquiring of the sleepy station agent, after my train had departed, I received the information that the old mission was eleven miles in the country, and the hottest road in Christendom leading out to it. However, a prominent citizen of the town, to whom I made complaint (the traveler always has a kick coming) about the old historical building being so far from the city, promised me that by the time I made my next visit, he would have it moved from its present site into the city, or he would allow the city to grow so that the old church would be in the city limits; then I could enjoy a visit to the oldest mission in the United States and the one that so closely links the history of the past with that of the present. Thanking him for the deep interest he seemed to take in me, and nursing my disappointment with all the forbearance I could command, I loitered around the depot until 7 o'clock A. M., then I caught the

delayed local passenger train No. 44 for El Paso.

About 10 o'clock, we entered what is known as Willcox Lake, on the eastern edge of which is located the town of Willcox; it is a dry stretch of white alkali sand without a vestige of verdure for miles. There was proven the fickleness of our vision, for on our right, reaching away to the mountains, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, spreads out what seemed to the eyes of the traveler, the placid waters of a great shimmering blue lake. Occasionally could be seen the dancing rippling of the water, as the hot breezes from the desert were wafted across the smooth glassy surface. A great number of passengers who did not know that it was a mirage, marveled greatly, and wondered where the water came from in that arid country that would form such a large, beautiful lake. One very knowing passenger furnished the information that the lake was formed from the flood waters of the Colorado River. He said, "Didn't we see a body of water yesterday in Southern California larger than this, formed by the overflowing waters from



Exterior View of the Old Guadalupe Mission, Ciudad Juarez, Old Mexico.



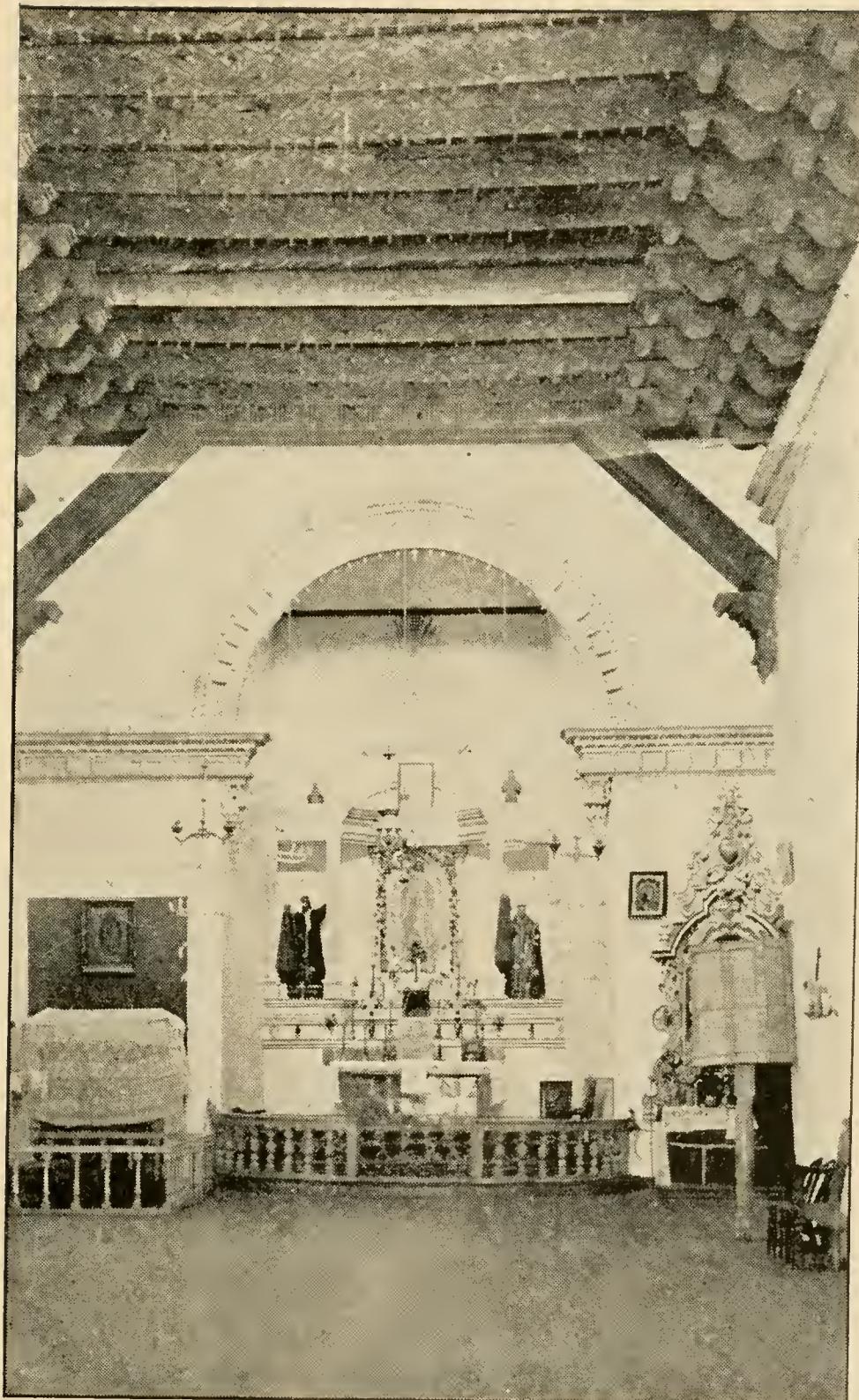
that same river?" I thereupon told him that the Colorado River and Salton, Cal., the points to which he referred, were not only two thousand feet lower than the part of Arizona through which we were then passing; but they were at least three or four hundred miles away, consequently it would be a matter of impossibility for the flood waters of the river to flow up hill that distance through the mountains to the valley. But my knowing friend replied by saying, "There is nothing impossible in the West." We arrived at Marfa, the county site of Pre-where a stop of twenty minutes was made for lunch. From that point the S. P. runs a branch road to Globe, the great mining town of the Territory, distance from Bowie one hundred and twenty-five miles. Soon after leaving Bowie we passed what is called the Indian Faced Rock, which can be seen plainly from the train, and resembles very much an Indian chief lying prone upon the mountain's summit, with copper colored face upturned to the blue skies above. We crossed the territorial line of Arizona and New Mexico at 12:30 o'clock P. M.; on through Lordsburg and Deming, New Mexico, to El Paso,

the Key City to the West, where we arrived at 5:30 o'clock P. M.

The next morning, July the 27th, I ventured out on the muddy streets in order to see the city. For several days copious rains had been falling in that usually dry country where little attention is given the streets and very little paving is done; consequently I found the streets almost impassable. I, however, rolled up my pants and proceeded to wade mud like a native. In company with my former Lufkin friend, Mr. Jesse Ellis, I visited the El Paso smelters, the largest plant of its kind in the world.

I spent two days in seeing the different points of interest in El Paso and the old town of Jaurez in Old Mexico, just across the Rio Grande River. In the latter place I visited the old Guadalupe Mission built in 1596, the interior of which is finished in the most beautiful hand carvings and decorations, surpassing in exquisite design all other old missions in artistic interior finish. I also visited the Bull Pen, which represents the only dark blot on the fair escutcheon of the Diaz regime.

I was off on the east bound train for San An-



Interior View of the Guadalupe Old Mission, Ciudad, Juarez, Old Mexico. It has the Most Beautiful Interior Carvings of Any of the Old Missions.



tonio at 12:30 o'clock A. M., July the 29th. We arrived at Marfa, the county site of Presidio County, at 4:30 o'clock A. M. Thirteen miles from Marfa is Paisano, the summit of the "Sunset Route," altitude 5,082 feet above the sea level; it is the highest point over which the Southern Pacific railroad runs between San Francisco and New Orleans. That part of Texas is a great cattle country, as the gramma grass grows luxuriantly and is the best for fattening purposes in the State.

We arrived at Alpine, the county site of Brewster county at 6 o'clock A. M. It is an ideal little town, built on the eastern side of the Alpine Flats just at the foot of the mountains, altitude 4,485 feet.

We arrived at Sanderson, the county site of Terrell county, at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Shortly after leaving there we ran into Sanderson Canyon, where on the night of July the 21st, at a point called Baxter's Curve, was wrecked a west bound "Golden State Limited" passenger train. Some devils incarnate had deliberately loosened one of the rails. The tools with which this diabolical act was performed were found

near the spot. To a great extent their murderous purpose was foiled, as it seemed the engineer had been on the lookout at that acute curve, and the condition of the track was evidently discovered by him as he had put on the air-brakes, and the fact that that point is always made at a slow rate of speed, coupled with the actions of the brave engineer putting on the air, saved the lives of over two hundred passengers. The engine, baggage car and smoker went over the rocky precipice. The engineer, Thompson, was instantly killed, his body was cut in twain diagonally across his chest and abdomen. The fireman, Taylor,—poor fellow!—was not mutilated in the least by the downward plunge of the engine; but the cloud of escaping hot steam enveloped him completely, and he was absolutely parboiled alive. He was caught by some of the passengers as he ran around in the rocky defile below, crazed by his torture. Everything was done for him that possibly could be done to relieve his sufferings by those gathered around the wreck; but he was far beyond human aid, and at one o'clock succumbed to his terrible injuries. I was in-



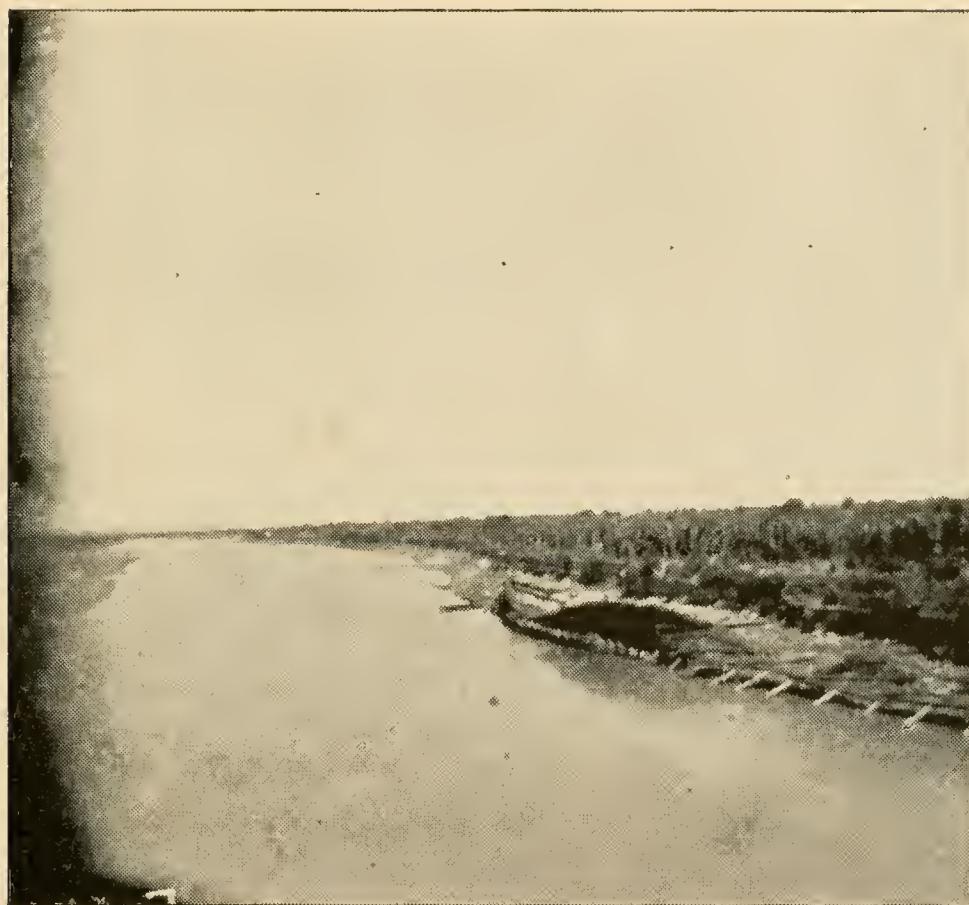
Mexican Bull Pen, Cindad, Juarz, Old Mexico.



formed that the officers of Del Rio had arrested and jailed three Mexicans suspected of committing the horrible deed.

When we stopped at Langtry, I saw the old saloon of Roy Bean, "Justice of the Peace, Law West of the Pecos," who was the most noted character of the Southwest. He was very illiterate, but administered justice with an iron hand, and according to his own ideas of the law. A funny incident of the latter years of this Western oddity's life was related to me by a fellow passenger who was an eye witness to the fact. The old gentleman not only dispensed justice, but he also dispensed the liquid that cheers in quantities to suit the appetite of his coterie of friends, the ranchmen and the festive cow-boy. It has been the instructions of the Southern Pacific Company (the travelers' favorite), and is now, that the conductors on all passenger trains must stop a few minutes at Langtry and other points of interest, for the pleasure and benefit of the traveler. As usual, one day the train stopped at Langtry, and a noisy crowd was turned loose on the desolate little town. Among the restless crowd of sight-

seers was an old maid of angular form, wearing glasses and holding her skirts high, being near-sighted she was making a close examination of all the places pointed out to her; in her perambulations she came upon Roy Bean's saloon. The gentleman who related this story to me and others who knew the old justice well, sent him word that Carrie Nation had gotten off the train, and was making her way to his saloon for the purpose of smashing his fixtures, and spilling his ungodly fluid upon the ground. Just as he received this bit of information, he espied coming toward his place of business the afore-mentioned specimen of the man-woman, before whom he made a guarded retreat; eyeing with evident distrust the queer looking object of humanity he backed slowly to the door of his joint; finally as she approached nearer and began to ascend the steps, the old man backed inside the door and pushing it nearly shut, he stuck his head out, and shouted so not only the supposed Mrs. Nation could hear him, but in fact every one in the confines of the small town, "Don't come any closer, Carrie! Damn you, don't you come any closer!" The unsuspecting



Rio Grande River at El Paso and Cidad Juarz,  
Old Mexico.



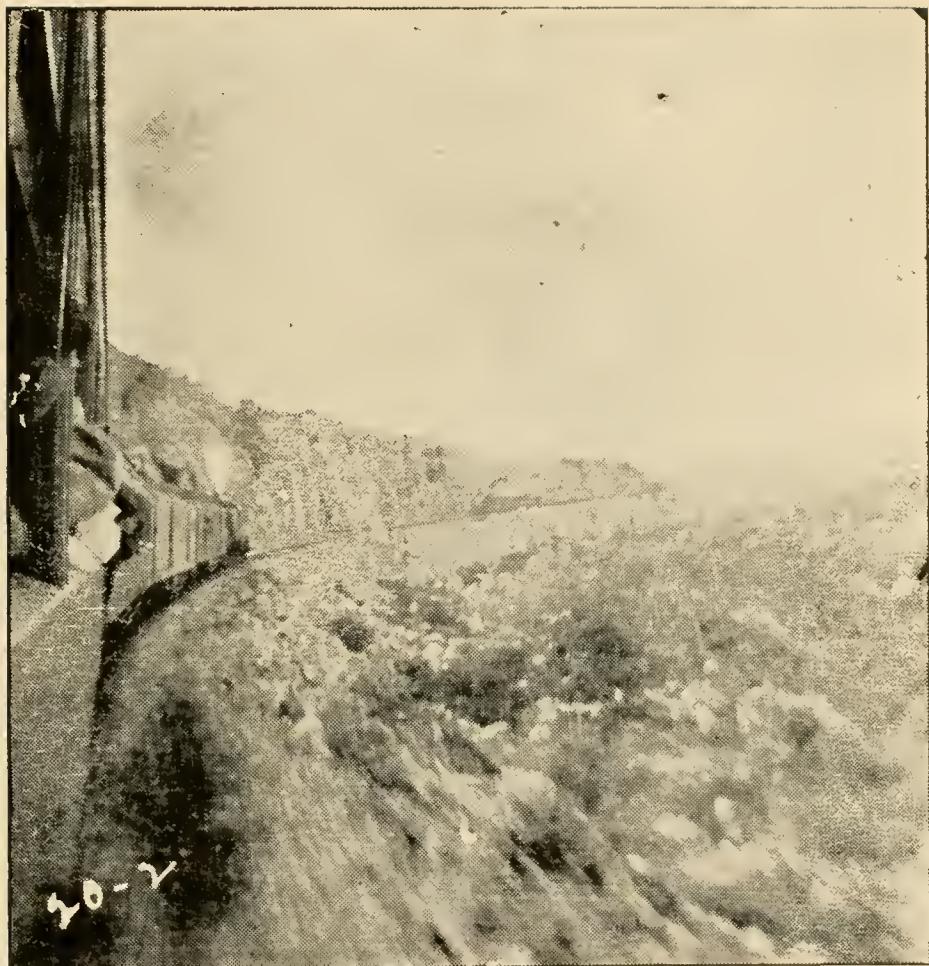
old maid from Boston uttered a scream that would have turned a Comanche Indian war chief green with envy, and precipitately fled for the train. As she climbed aboard, she was heard to exclaim, "The horrid old thing!" And Old Roy remarked, as he emerged from his saloon after the train had pulled out of the little station, "Boys, it was the damndest closest call I ever had in my life; but Carrie took the bluff just the same." A few months ago Roy Bean shuffled off this mortal coil, and crossed the great divide from whence no man returns. No doubt he received justice commensurate with the way he administered it on this mundane sphere, and is now standing at the right hand of the great white throne.

At one o'clock, we crossed the Pecos River on the highest bridge in the world; three hundred and twenty-one feet above the bed of th river. We arrived at Del Rio, county site of Val Verde county, at 8 o'clock, the best frontier town of Texas, with a population of seven thousand five hundred, located near the Rio Grande River.

Early in the evening, we arrived at San An-

tonio. The next morning, July the 30th, was another of those bright and sublime Sabbath mornings, so many of which I enjoyed on my trip. While walking down St. Mary's street, the chimes of the church bells pealed forth, proclaiming to the world the risen Christ. By the door of St. Mary's Cathedral, sat a poor blind Mexican woman counting her beads. I dropped a twenty-five cent piece of silver into the tin cup in her lap, and as the "Muchas gracias, Signor," fell upon my ears the question arose in my mind, "What influence impelled me to this act of charity?" Ah! it was the holy church bells that brought to my mind the words of Paul, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

At 10 o'clock in company with two young gentleman with whom I had become acquainted, Prof. W. Longino, of Marshall, and James C. Smith, of El Campo, I took the street car for Hot Wells, five miles west of town. At Mitched street, we left the car and walked out to the old Concepcion Mission, which is one and a



Baxters Curve in Sanderson Canyon, Where S. P.  
Wreck Occurred on July 21st, 1905.



half miles from the car track, and two miles from town. It was erected in 1731 and is in a better state of preservation than any other of the old missions in Texas. Its double towers, its antiquated dome, and its strange legends, make it of great and special interest. After about half an hour spent in rambling about those sacred grounds, and I had taken a snapshot of the historic old building, we took the old Mission Road to the San Jose de Aguayo Mission (San-ho-se), two miles farther south and about four miles below San Antonio, located on the right bank of the San Antonio River. This mission was founded (about 1718) by Father Margel (Mar-jel) who died before it was completed. The carvings and statuary which ornament the front of this old church was done by one of Old Spain's greatest artists, Huicar (Wee-kar). The south window of the baptistery is classed by the best judges of art "the finest gem of architectural ornamentation in America." The chain of old missions in Texas was built by the Franciscan monks, an order founded by St. Francis, a most devout man. Before leaving those consecrated grounds

of such absorbing interest, I took a snapshot of the quaint old church and artistic window.

After a walk of two miles more, we reached Hot Wells, a celebrated health resort of West Texas. A beautiful hotel and natatorium is located there in the midst of one of nature's most elaborate and magnificent parks. At 2:30 o'clock we returned to the city, and after taking dinner at the California restaurant, we were off to finish the day in sight-seeing. We went first to Breckenridge Park three miles from town, which is one among the city's most interesting places of resort. After an hour spent there, we swung on to the cars again, and in a few minutes were sauntering down Lover's Lane in San Pedro Park, which was like stealing a visit into the Garden of Eden. There were thousands on the grounds who had escaped from the heat of the city, and were spending the Sunday afternoon mid sweet Aeolian strains to nature's chords attuned, listening to the rippling music of San Pedro's bubbling springs, and enjoying the umbrageous hospitality of the wide-spreading old green live-oaks, which stand in grand array, festooned in a



Concepcion Mission, Erected in 1731, Which Stands  
as a Monument to the Fortitude of the Devout  
Old Fathers of Long Ago.



drapery of spanish moss. We lingered amid the scenes of inviting solace, and reluctantly cast off the enchanted charms that nature had linked about us.

At seven o'clock, we returned to the city. At the corner of Houston and Javajo streets, we entered the Moore building, and took the elevator for the Roof Garden, where a most exquisite view of the city is unfolded before the eyes. There I remained until eight o'clock, drinking in the beauties of the picture spread before me. I reached my room hot and worn out, but with my heart full of pleasant memories of the Sabbath spent in the historical old Alamo City. To my two companions of the day, I can say the pleasure was all *mine* by being honored with their pleasant companionship.

The next morning, I visited the post office on Alamo Plaza to see about my mail. It is a very imposing structure, built of Texas marble; the type of architecture is of the old Rhine castellated design. The remainder of the morning, I spent in the old Alamo Mission building, the most celebrated building from an historical standpoint of any in all the great State of Texas.

I never grew tired of roaming through the labyrinths of the ancient old structure which holds within her walls so much of Texas history. Every room, corner, and nook furnishes its separate tale of valor and heroism of the builders of the independence of this great commonwealth. Through the patriotism of the Zavala Chapter of the Daughters of the Republic, the Alamo with all contiguous grounds and buildings, was purchased from private parties, and turned over to the State of Texas to be forever preserved to the memory of Travis, Crocket, Bowie, and the other members of the little band of heroes who stood unflinchingly by their leaders for liberty or death, and gave their lives to the last man for the cause they were defending.

In the afternoon I visited the old Veramendi Palace on Solidad street, where "Old Ben Milam" was killed by the Mexicans, Dec. 7th, 1835, only a few months before the battle and fall of the Alamo. It was in that building that Bowie courted and won his beautiful bride, a daughter of Vice-Governor Veramendi of San Antonio. The walls of the old building, which were erected in 1716 are still intact, and the old

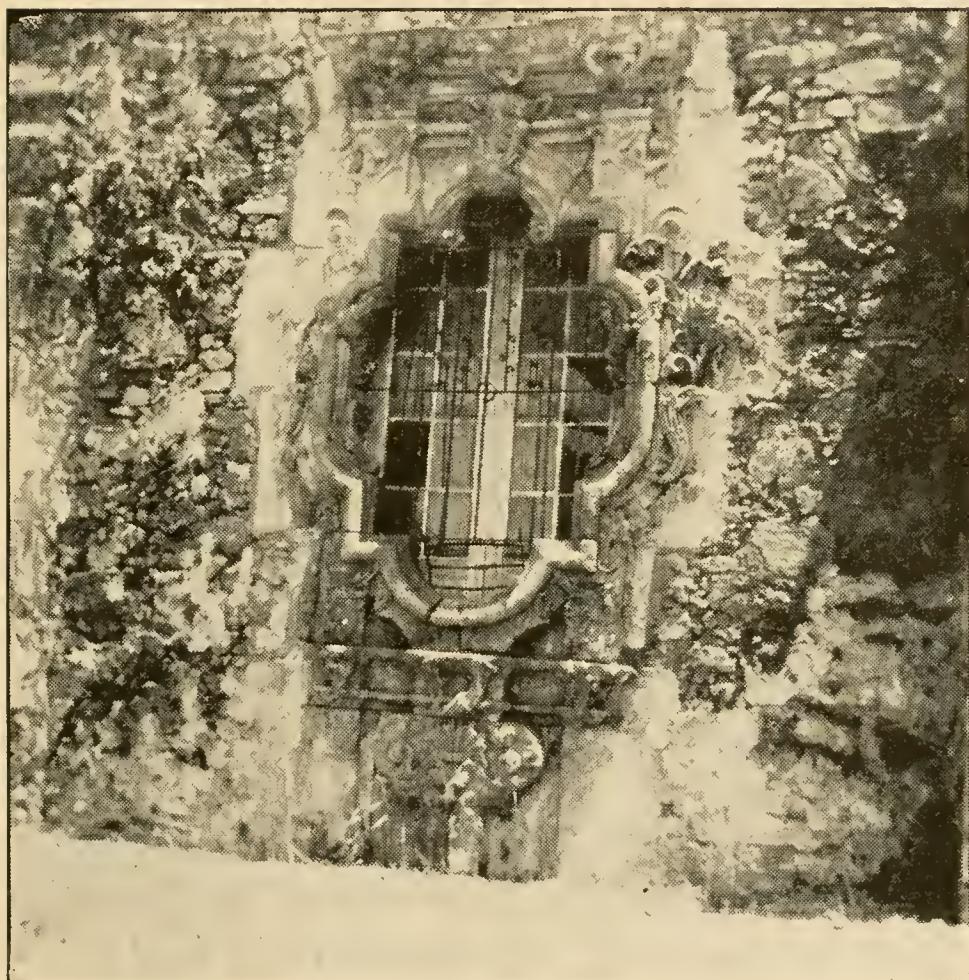


San Jose Mission (Sa-ho-se), Four Miles from San Antonio.

double doors, which are about eight feet in length and four feet wide each, still hang, in all their massiveness, just as they were hung two hundred years ago. In the two large doors, are made a smaller pair which are about five feet high and two feet wide, and can be operated independently of the two larger ones. Those old doors bear many marks of bullets and rough usage, and if they could only talk, they could relate stories that would hold the present generation spellbound in amazement at the wonderful tragedies that have taken place about the walls of the old building.

The latter part of the evening, I spent on Milam Square where the Zavalla Chapter of the Daughters of the Republic have also erected a beautiful memorial marble monument to the memory of Ben Milam. On one side of the massive block of native granite marble is inscribed the following:

“Their cause—the cause of freedom and the free—  
Their glorious watchword—Death or Liberty!



Artistic Old Window in San Jose Mission.

“Who will follow Old Ben Milam into San Antonio?”

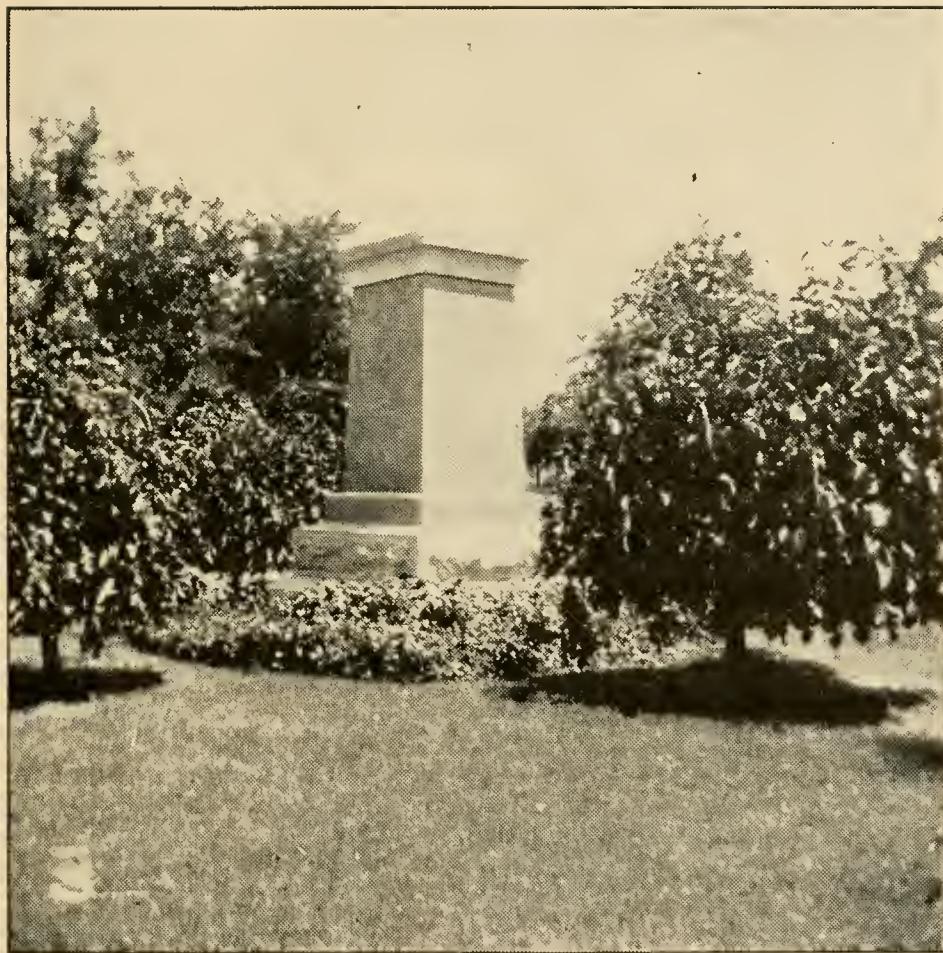
At 11:30 P. M. I caught the train for Houston, Texas, where I arrived the next morning, August the 1st, at 6 o'clock, and made close connection with the Houston East and West Texas Ry. for Lufkin, the metropolis of East Texas, located in the midst of the famous Elberta peach section of the South West. I remained there for four and a half days looking after business interests. On Sunday morning, August the 6th, after having secured a certificate of health and having same duly stamped by the local railroad agent, (as the whole world had a most rigid quarantine against New Orleans and all Louisiana points, on account of the prevailing epidemic of yellow fever), I took the Cotton Belt Route for Jacksonville, Fla., via Texarkana, Memphis, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Ga. At Texarkana, we were held up by the shotgun brigade a few miles from the city, and the health officers came aboard, and after a thorough examination, allowed the train to proceed. We were not interrupted again until we were nearing the great iron bridge that



Bridge Across San Pedro Creek in San Pedro Park,  
San Antonio.

spans the Mississippi River at the city of Memphis, where again we had to procure our health certificates, and show cause why we should not be held for ten days in the detention camp. Great Horn Spoons! just to think of being held ten days in the swamps of Arkansas in a detention camp! A poor victim subjected to treatment of this kind, would be related by consanguinity to every mosquito, the *Stegomyia Fasciata* included, from Cairo to New Orleans, and would emerge from the durance vile a raving maniac. We were lucky to get into Memphis before noon of the 7th as at that time the city put up the bars against the earth, and the man in the moon.

I ate my breakfast at the Hotel Gaston, after which I visited the City Hall near by, and of all the jamming, jostling crowds I have ever seen that one took the cake; thousands were gathered there engaged in a wild scramble to secure a certificate of health as they could only leave the city armed with this document. It was decidedly the craziest crowd I had seen since the registering at Fort Sill during the great Land Lottery in the Indian Territory in



Ben Milam Memorial Monument, Milam Square,  
San Antonio, Tex.

1901. I left for Nashville at 1 o'clock P. M. At Jackson, Tennessee, the car windows were put down and the doors locked; the health officers had boarded our train some time before reaching the city, and examined our health certificates, and then instructed the conductor to lock us in, or they would not allow us to pass through the city. While our train was standing at the depot, myself and a fellow passenger raised the windows by our seats, and took a view of the lovely park near by. Jackson is a beautiful little city, and I am satisfied we threw all the bouquets on that occasion as the quicker the city got rid of us suspicious characters the better she would like us.

At Hollow Rock, we were bountifully fed on fried chicken and pies by the enterprising citizens of that little cross roads hamlet. We arrived in Nashville at 8:30 o'clock P. M., without a challenge from the county or city health officers, as Nashville's gates were like Atlanta's —open to all comers. But on a near approach to Chattanooga, the guardians of the public health boarded our train, and we were duly "swore" again. We had no further trouble



Foot Bridge Across San Antonio River, Suspended  
by Wire from Large Pecan Trees on the Banks.

until within about twenty miles of Jacksonville, Florida, where our papers were favorably passed upon by the health officers of this great sovereign State. On August the 8th at 8 o'clock P. M., I landed home in the city of Jacksonville, the great South Atlantic seaport, safe and sound, in the best of health, after an absence of a little over two months.



Historic Old Alamo, San Antonio, Tex.

H 15 89 ▲











HECKMAN  
BINDERY INC.

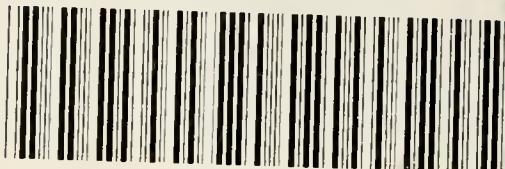


1989



N. MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA 46962

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 754 584 8



